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•THE+FRONT+PAGE•

PEOPLE living at a distance from Toronto and reading the despatches summarizing articles appearing in the daily press of the city concerning the destitution prevailing and the relief work under way, may get a distorted idea of the true situation. Hon. Mr. Poirier the other day called the attention of the Senate to a news despatch, saying that in thirty days one hundred infants had died in this city from want, and exclaimed: "I thought Toronto was a Christian city!" In fact, people far and wide have been shocked by the stories in the daily press of the hardships existing here among the poor. But for the benefit of readers at a distance let me explain what has actually happened. One morning The Globe came out with an appeal to the charitably inclined to contribute to the relief of poor people living in board shacks on the outskirts of the city, who were represented as being in many cases out of employment, without funds, fuel, food, or sufficient clothing. The weather was brutally severe. The same day The News came out with a scare-head article, to the effect that a hundred babies in the city had died from want since the beginning of the month. To both papers people rushed contributions of money, and both papers began publishing columns of stories showing how severe was the pinch of starvation—how the wolves of hunger and cold were holding whole families down and worrying them to the death. Other dailies fell into line in the work of shocking the public into giving quickly and largely. The various charitable organizations, always busy, gladly welcomed the powerful aid of the press. In nearly all the pulpits in the city urgent appeals were made to the people to give money, food, fuel and clothing for the relief of the distressed. The city was divided into districts, and committees were sent out to search for the needy. There was never such a scurrying to and fro in the interests of charity; never such a ransacking of closets and drawers for clothing to be given to the poor; never such a passing around of subscription lists, so that the hungry might be fed, and the shivering clothed warmly. It has been the privilege of everybody to bear a hand. The city has indulged in an orgy of benevolence. The credit for all this belongs to the press. The newspapers shocked the city into action, made Want the sensation of the day, and a vast amount of good has been done, not only to those who received relief, but to those who had their minds turned to the privations that others suffer.

HOWEVER, for the benefit of those at a distance who have been reading with alarm the despatches from Toronto, and wondering what's the matter with this city, it seems necessary to explain that Yonge and King streets still teem with a happy and well-fed population, the street cars at all hours are still so crowded that only the fortunate can get straps to cling to, and only the prettiest of women dare hope to get a seat. The Don river and Grenadier pond swarm with warm-clad skaters, and from the nearby hills come the laughter of other crowds making merry with sleds and toboggans. In the late afternoon the theatres give forth their great crowds of matinee-goers, causing busy men to wonder where the great leisure class comes from. Looking from the high windows of his office the editor can see the smoke arising from the chimneys of thousands of busy factories. When evening falls nine-tenths of the people go eagerly to their cheerful homes. In fact, to the casual observer, Toronto seems to be pretty much as usual. It is only the statement of affairs as published in the daily papers that marks the difference between this and any other month of February in Toronto's history. I am not saying that there is not more poverty now than at the same time in any other year, but it is fair to say that but for the publicity given to the matter in the newspapers few would be aware that conditions are worse than usual. In short, conditions are not so different as to make the difference observable, except that relief work became a feature of sensational news. But for this publicity the various charitable organizations would have worked along as usual, the churches would have done what they could within the bounds of habit, but the great body of the people would not have noticed anything out of the ordinary.

OFFICIAL figures do not show that the number of deaths among infants has been noticeably greater in January of this year than in the same month in previous years. Nor is it news to those who are engaged every year in seeking to relieve the needs of the poor, that there are a great many families suffering dire want and making no outcry. There is nothing in human nature more admirable than the fine fortitude of the poor in enduring cold and hunger without complaint, rather than ask for charity at anybody's hands. Some say it is a false pride, but it is a pride rooted in character, and it usually flowers in due season and yields excellent fruit. It is thrusting aid upon those who would scarce ask it under any stress of want, that yields reward to many a good man and woman in this city who annually give time and money to the work. One good result may follow from the present arousing of the public—the ranks of those who assist in this work may be permanently recruited. No winter will ever fasten upon this city—or any other winter city—without witnessing much poverty, much starvation and cold, and usually with no loud-tongued press clanging and banging the news of it in the people's ears until they are ashamed to sit by their fires, roll into their cosy beds, or sit down to their laden tables, until they have done something at least to ease the situation of some unfortunate. People from homes of average comfort are entering humble doors in all quarters of the city just now and are grieved at what they see. Let them not make the mistake of supposing that the conditions are unprecedented or due to some cause which makes the present time exceptional. The need may have been somewhat less in quantity last winter, but it was no less acute in kind. There may be no noise in the press next winter, but there will be empty stoves, bare cupboards and hungry children. The terms on which life is lived make the getting of a

bare subsistence difficult for many of those who dwell in cities.

Strangers in the country finding the summer warm, the autumn delightful and work plenty, made no adequate provision for their first winter among us. Many of them, anxious to have homes of their own, built board shacks in the city's outskirts, and these shacks, while good enough for summer use, afford poor shelter against the cold. While earning wages in the fine weather many of these people "spent as they went," and made no preparation against winter and lack of employment. Indeed, in one season they could not have made suitable provision. So the people had to come to their aid. Noise had to be made about it in order that the relief should be immediate and ample. So it is that Toronto has got her name in the papers.

YOU continually hear men say, and with considerable truth, that Parliament is not what it used to be, and that it does not contain as many big men. Of course, as a man gets older he is apt to think the national politicians

done with it no honest man knows. However, when our political leaders lost, by abusing it, the privilege of naming capable outsiders to represent constituencies, and local men began to hold these ridings in their grasp, the old sway of the central authorities began to exert itself in a new way, until now only those local men who are guaranteed to be docile can hope to secure nomination and retain their seats. In these days of rapid and much travel, and quick communication, the party managers are in close touch with every part of the country.

THE local member as an M.P. is all right—when he is all right. Sometimes he is a stuff prophet, with no courage and no opinions, handing out the ready smile and the wise look, and possessing no influence whatever, either in caucus or in the House. This is not a good condition of things. Sir Wilfrid Laurier wields a power over his followers Sir John Macdonald never had. A few men may stand up and criticize the party policy, but they carry no one with them. Their independence, creditable enough in them, has no effect. They are looked at suspiciously by

of Portugal, when the first shot struck him, towered in his carriage, faced his enemies, and would have fought them had they given him time. No doubt his chief thought at that moment was the danger to which his wife and children were exposed. One account of the tragedy tells us that when the King fell riddled, the Queen threw herself on the bosom of her eldest son to protect him from his father's fate, she, with a woman's quick perception, suspecting that the assassins might desire to murder the heir-apparent also. But to his credit it is said that the son freed himself from his mother's embrace, placed her behind him, and facing death, met it as a man should. In all the records of crimes of this class there can be nothing so tragic and pathetic as the story of the distracted Queen, her murdered husband at her feet, trying to beat off with a bouquet the ruffian who, clinging with one hand to the side of the carriage, was emptying a revolver into the body of her son. A woman's hand is a frail defence and a bouquet is a pitiful weapon. That night this woman spent with her dead, now laying her hand on her husband's brow and again stroking the white face of her son.

It is over eight hundred years since the English King, William the Red-Headed, was struck down by an arrow while hunting in the forest—his death was ascribed to accident, but some held a different opinion. Since that time Richard II. and Edward II., centuries ago, met death while in the power of their enemies. But since William Rufus no English monarch has been slain treacherously, and few of them have feared to move freely among the people. Treachery has never been an Anglo-Saxon characteristic. Attempts have been made on the lives of British sovereigns, but always by insane creatures, and never where the suspicion could be entertained that political ends were to be served by the contemplated crime. When Charles I. became superfluous, plans as completely constitutional as possible were followed to the last particular in separating him from this world. He was tried, condemned and beheaded with such civility as any gentleman could expect. As a people we are unable to understand other nations in which resort is had to the bomb, the ambush or the poisoned cup, as means to liberty and social improvement. In our sister country, the United States, we see the family characteristic manifest itself in a tendency to canonize those Presidents who have been treacherously slain. As a race we abhor crimes of this class. They are brutal. They are of no manner of use in forwarding the world on its way.

IN reply to the charge that rich timber limits in the West have gone to friends of the Laurier Government under circumstances that seem to call for investigation, one Liberal member after another arises in his place in the Commons and recalls land and timber limit deals put through in the days when the Conservatives were in office. The Liberal members who make these speeches do not seem to know that they are doing more to disquiet the country than are the Opposition members who make accusatory speeches against the present administration. If the deals of to-day are such that they can only be made to seem proper when measured alongside the worst deals of twenty and thirty years ago, they may be bad enough. The Conservatives were tried, convicted and banished from office in 1896 for many misdeeds, and with those offences the country has nothing to do at this late date. The mistaken aims and the ungratified greed of individuals about the time when John A. Macdonald and Oliver Mowat were engaged in the struggle ending in the Boundary Award some time in the last century, have no bearing whatever on the question as to whether those in office today are honestly handling the country's capital resources in the way of lands and timber. When a dozen supporters of the Government rush back into the graveyard of old scandals, as they did last week, the first thought of the onlooker is that there must be similar offences to defend. There may be nothing wrong, but all through the recent business at Ottawa the administration acted as if it were mighty anxious not to have its clothes searched until it had had time to go carefully through all its pockets. Mr. Ames, of the Opposition, claimed the right, as a member of the House, to see original documents, not edited copies. On the whole, it does not seem reasonable to suppose that the Prime Minister resisted the claim merely for the disciplinary purpose of forcing the applicant to touch his forelock and say "Please."

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from Chatham, is kind enough to call my attention to the fact that since the Sovereign Bank was engulfed he has missed from these columns those cheering articles on the evolution of modern banking, which were read with so much interest—those articles telling how the banks had become human and had learned how to use the glad-hand, and had substituted the ingratiating smile for the frosty stare. It is true that this page is not discussing that subject very much at present. The "modern evolution in banking" has been proceeding so rapidly of late that it is just as well to preserve the attitude of a silent observer until we see how events will shape up.

NO two advocates of Senate reform seem capable of agreeing upon a plan of action. Those who favor the abolition of the second chamber, however, have their flag planted at a point where recruits may gather. They know what they want, and they know in which direction to march when their forces are ready to move. Those who would "mend" the Senate have so many grounds for dispute as to the means to be employed, that the second chamber need be in no present fear of them whatever. Sir Wilfrid thinks there should be six appointed Senators to represent each province, or that they should be elected by Parliament. Goldwin Smith thinks the Senators should be elected by the provincial legislatures. Senator George W. Ross thinks they should be half appointed as at present and half elected by large constituencies. Senator McMullen thinks that when a vacancy in the second chamber occurs a man to fill it should be chosen by a joint meeting of Senators and members of Parliament from the district concerned. And yet, as a matter of fact, no district is really concerned. Senator Perley thinks the Senators should be appointed by the Governor-General.



WINTER

do not measure up to the standard of his youth, when he would drive twenty miles in a buggy to hear Alexander Mackenzie or John A. Macdonald speak, and sit enthralled by three-hour speeches. As a man grows older, and acquires a more intimate knowledge of men, he is not so readily stirred to enthusiasm by a political leader. But, apart from the change in the average critic's point of view which makes him think less of his contemporaries than of the men who appealed to his youthful imagination as giants, there is one factor nowadays which is revolutionizing public life. The local man has first mortgage on the local constituency. The "able outsider" no longer receives nomination. It was not like this in the olden days. Almost any really prominent man, whether on the Government or Opposition side, could secure a constituency. A leader in Opposition, wanting to recruit his ranks, could pick a few capable men out of private life, persuade them to run and find them seats. Now, it is only a Cabinet Minister, with a pocketful of plums, who ventures to court the outside constituency, and sometimes even he fails to land the prize.

No doubt the local men in the constituencies got tired of seeing the "hives" and sure seats going to capable outsiders, while the doubtful, or losing, battles were fought by local men. No doubt the leaders abused the loyalty of the constituencies and foisted on them outsiders who proved inferior, by any method of measurement, to local men. Yet many an able man secured an opportunity to prove his greatness through the generosity of outside constituencies. The change that has come about is a curious one. Speaking in a general way each riding produces its own member, yet, curiously enough, another change has followed upon this, and to-day the campaign fund of a political party is almost wholly a central fund, raised, not in small amounts from many sources, but in large amounts from a few sources. It costs a pile of money to pull off a general election in Canada—but what the dickens is

FOR such a crime as that which was perpetrated in Lisbon the other day when King Carlos and the Crown Prince of Portugal were assassinated, no true man can find any excuse. Even those Portuguese who desire to see the monarchy give way to a republican form of government should be among the most sincere in deplored a crime which cannot fail to create a sympathy, both local and world-wide, for the royal family against whom so violent a crime has been directed.

In the tragic moment when face to face with a mortal crisis, the greatest and the least of men are much alike. Whatever may have been his failings as a ruler, Carlos

eral without advice from any quarter. Mr. T. C. Robinette thinks they should be elected by large constituencies "as by combining two such counties as Peel and Halton." And so it goes, almost as if it were desired to bury all hope of reform in a multitude of suggestions. The Hamilton Herald believes, with Mr. Robinette, that Senators should be elected to represent large constituencies, and that a second chamber, so derived, would be useful. The editor of The Herald says that reasons were not advanced on this page last week in support of the assertion that "we do not require a second representative chamber."

It is true that no arguments on that point were advanced in last week's issue, but some were put forward a week earlier. However, some of the objections that may be raised to the election of a second representative chamber may be mentioned. In the first place, we have had but one representative chamber so far, and the burden of proving that we need a second one rests on those who favor it and not on those who oppose it. In the second place, we have only one such chamber in the province of Ontario, and it proves sufficient, notwithstanding the predictions of disaster that were freely made when this experiment was launched. By actual experience for nearly half a century Ontario has found one representative chamber quite sufficient. In actual experience during the same period a second chamber at Ottawa has been a disappointment. But it has not been an elected chamber. Perhaps, had it been representative, it might have given satisfaction. Personally I believe such a body would have made our troubles greater than they are at present. The simplicity of our system would be destroyed. If four or five parliamentary ridings were joined together as a field, for a senatorial contest, the fight would be on such a scale that only the rich man or the subsidized agent of powerful corporations could hope to succeed in the combat. The election being for a lengthy period the prize would be worth more than a seat in the Commons, and we should soon find that the upper house would no longer be willing to play second fiddle to the lower. Both being representative bodies, no reason clear and understood would exist why it should.

If such a Senate were elected in 1910 to sit until 1920, it might prove strongly Liberal. A House of Commons might be elected in 1916 with a small Conservative majority. Two representative bodies facing each other for four years, each bent on pulling off a party victory in 1920, would give us politics in sickening quantities. Under the same circumstances the Senate, as we have it now, would know its place, and be careful not to resist the popular house unless it could justify its action not only to partisans, but to public opinion in general. The Senate, as we have it now, knows that it exists by favor. A representative upper chamber would have as much right to fight to the last ditch for partizan advantage as would the representative lower chamber. In setting up such a Senate we should be undertaking a vast expense, preparing the way for strife between two houses, dead-locks extending perhaps over long periods—and all for what? It is true that Parliament is far from perfect, but once in five years we get a chance to change it. It is true that so long as we have a second chamber some use will be made of it as a place where legislation may be hung out to dry. But if Parliament had all its own work to do, is it not possible that it would address itself somewhat more seriously to the doing of it? With one representative house clearly responsible for all its acts, with no vain reliance placed on an upper chamber, could we not simplify the task of getting good government, and hold men to their duty more directly than we can do at present?

THE Herald says:

"If it were impossible to get a Senate which would act independently of the Government, or if an elective independent Senate was certain to be a public nuisance, then there should be no Senate at all. But we do not believe that either one or the other of these things is true. It is the Herald's belief that there could be elected by grouped constituencies and the higher institutions of learning a second chamber which would be independent of the Government and would not hesitate to check the tendency of the cabinet to exercise autocratic power, and at the same time act as a valuable aid to the Government and the Commons in sharing the legislative work of Parliament."

"Much weak and vicious legislation has been passed, many sins of administration have been condoned, under stress of party tyranny. A Senate elected by other and larger constituencies than those which elect the lower house, and elected at different times—Senate whose members would not be affected by changes of Government or even by dissolutions of Parliament—could and probably would do much to save the country from the ill effects of party tyranny and of too much concentration of power in the cabinet."

These hopes seem to me wholly Utopian. They are little likely to be realized as the expectation—held no doubt by some—that appointees to the present Senate would be selected for their wisdom, character, ripe and sound citizenship. The party system works out in a way which we should begin to understand. Believing in representative government, why not accept it in its simplest form, free it of hobbies and restraints, and hold it to account for results?

WHEN the City Council of Toronto, by a vote of fifteen to eight, passed a by-law through its three readings in one night cutting down the number of licensed bars in the city from 150 to 110, several of those who voted for the by-law did so feeling that the action was unjust. They felt that it was unjust to pass this by-law because the question of license reduction had not been discussed at all in the municipal elections, but more particularly because the people two years ago had had the question submitted to them by Council and had rejected the proposal to cut off twenty-five licenses, whereupon the License Commissioners, considering the number of licenses had been by this popular vote fixed for some reasonable length of time, had proceeded to force the least desirable hotels to spend a million and a half dollars in improvements. The action taken was unjust. If men lose their licenses in this way they will complain of a grievance, and public opinion will grant that their complaint is well founded. Even the man who denies that a license-holder should receive compensation when his privilege is cancelled, cannot deem it just that the law through one of its agencies should force a man to spend large sums on improvements, and then, through another agency, wipe him out before the painters and paper-hangers have removed their ladders and pails.

Several of the men in Council who voted to cut off these licenses admit that the action was unjust and that they do not expect permanent good to result from it. But they say that owing to their stand against the liquor business being well-known, they could not go back on

their records. They had to stick to their colors, or be misunderstood and maligned. But what a chance F. S. Spence missed to prove himself a man of size. His record on the temperance question is such that it could sustain no damage had he refused to join in an action which he must have felt to be unjust and therefore impolitic. Suppose he had said:

"My stand is such that I cannot be misunderstood or misrepresented, for everybody knows that I want to abolish all bars. But the present action I consider unjust and unwise. The proposal to reduce the number of licenses was referred to the people two years ago and was rejected. I do not regard that decision as final—we will ask the people to think it over and give a different verdict. All my life I have been pressing this question to the polls—in townships, in counties, and in provinces. It is always to the polls we go, and we ask nothing better than what we can get at the polls. We say it is unjust that local option does not carry where it receives a majority. We consider it unfair that we should be asked to poll a two-thirds vote. Such being our attitude, I cannot be one to jump in now merely because the luck of the municipal elections has thrown enough of us together to do what we will—I cannot in this case ignore the vote of two years ago. If we want the popular vote to rule, we in our turn must respect it. As we depend on the ballot box for the success of our cause, I will not be a party to this action."

But Mr. Spence did not talk like that. He came when he was called, and moved in the direction in which circumstances shoved him.

ONE of our new citizens, who regularly receives the Walsall Observer, from England, has handed me a couple of small advertisements which have appeared in that journal within a month. It strikes him as peculiar that such advertisements should be appearing in the English newspapers while the labor market here is so uninviting. Here is one of the advertisements:

CANAD.—20,000 Men required for the land. Un-limited demand for female labor, domestics, &c. Reduced rates for early booking from £4. Work guaranteed. Apply to Canadian Government Agent will be in his office February 25th, —Lazenby's Shipping Office, Park Street, Walsall.

Of course there is in the great West unlimited room for men who are competent to take up land and become growers of grain. But Walsall is scarcely the place to seek farmers. The second advertisement is as follows:

TORONTO.—Wanted, 50 Female Machinists for trousers, everything found, wages 32s. to 40s. per week; work guaranteed or all expenses repaid.—Apply, Lazenby, Shipping Agent, 51, Park Street.

It should not be necessary at the present time to be advertising in England for women to come to Toronto to make trousers. In fact the whole business of inducing people to come to Canada needs the closest kind of attention from the authorities.

EXCELLENT as is the popular interest worked up by the press in the work of relieving the needy in Toronto, those who are regularly engaged in the task of easing distress would have preferred a somewhat more solid and enduring exercise of benevolence. It is to be feared that the ordinary work will be deranged by the emotional outburst of the moment and that the poor will feast for a time and fast later on. Rev. Wesley Dean, of the Fred Victor Mission, says there is danger of over-lapping through indiscriminate giving. In one case reported in the daily press such an impression was made on the public that Mr. Dean says:

"We had no less than fifteen different persons anxious to help, and many asked for the address of the family so that they could make a personal visit and render assistance.

"On Saturday afternoon I visited the home myself, and on my way there I met a number of young ladies returning with empty grips. They had been relieving the family's distress. I then called at the grocery store near this home and was told by the grocer that he had several orders to deliver to the same home.

"It can easily be seen that such indiscriminate giving would not meet the present situation. A family would be overstocked with food and fuel during the enthusiasm of this campaign and might be almost forgotten afterwards."

The best way is to give through the organized channels, so that one family may not be stall-fed and others neglected altogether.

A READER in Pittsburg writes to say that he has been much interested in articles on this page dealing with the Senate of Canada, but desires to know the present plan by which our Senators are appointed. No doubt other readers are curious on the same point. Our Senators are appointed by the administration of the day. When a man is called to the Senate, the appointment is for life; when he dies the ministry in control of the House of Commons fills the vacancy by appointment. If a man from Ontario has been in the Senate, at his death a successor from the same province is chosen. When the Conservative party held office for eighteen years previous to 1896, all the vacancies (except one, I think) were filled by the appointment of Conservatives. When the Liberals carried the country in 1896 they found the upper house Conservative by a large majority, and there was much talk of mending or ending the Senate. But old men must die in due course, and as talk of reform continued, one Senator after another passed away, and was succeeded by a Liberal appointee. The talk of mending the Senate died away to a whisper. The upper house is now, after eleven years of Liberal rule, almost as strongly Liberal as it used to be Conservative. The ideal view was, of course, that Senators should be chosen from among our ablest men not in Parliament. The plan has never worked out in that way. It will never do so. Appointment to the Senate is, in fact, a party prize within the gift of the reigning political leader.

Not a Matter of Casuistry.

ONE day last week a Grand Trunk train known as the Vaudreuil local, running out of Montreal, stopped at Strathmore, near the city, and a passenger, a Mrs. Legault, stepped off. In some way she descended on the wrong side of the train, just as the limited from Chicago was passing without slackening speed. On the local was a brakeman named Walter James Scott, twenty-eight years of age, who had been married but three months. Without an instant's hesitation he jumped to the track where the woman stood paralyzed by fear. The next instant Mrs. Legault was lying unharmed in the snow-bank beside the track, and the advancing train had crushed the life out of Brakeman Scott. Those who witnessed the rescue and the tragedy say that the young man must have realized that he jumped to almost certain

death. Such men do honor to the name Canadian.

In connection with this brave deed it is interesting to note that the Windsor Record has printed the story in detail and has asked the boys and girls of the public and separate schools of Essex county to read it carefully and to write essays on the subject, "Is such Heroism Justified?" a prize being offered for the best contribution.

It is to be feared that The Record and the school children of Essex county will find it difficult to reduce Brakeman Scott's act to a problem in casuistry. Such heroism is not a thing to be justified—it is something apart from reason or logic. When a man risks his life to save another's, he acts either from impulse or from duty. A dozen men—all in the prime of life and with others dependent on them—may risk their lives to save one other life. Cold reason would not justify this, but it is right. Neither heroism nor cowardice is a thing of the mind—it is an expression of what is in the heart and fibre of a man. And it is good to know that so many of the race to which we belong are found, like Brakeman Scott, to be of the right stuff when a terrible emergency forces such an expression.

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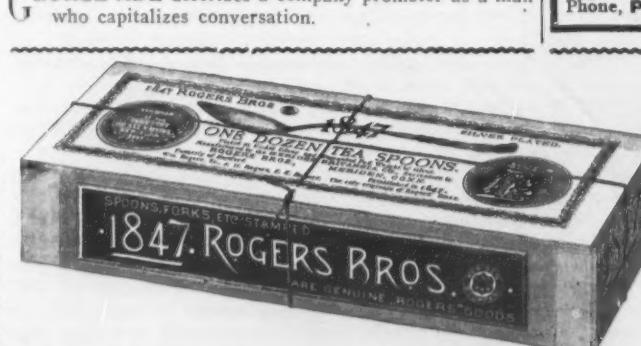
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McKinley Building, Toronto

Ontario has now more king's coun-
sel than England and Wales.—King-
ston Whig.

THE INVESTOR
TORONTO

MONTREAL

WHILE there has been no marked change in the financial situation, the tone this week has been slightly better. The highly satisfactory reports of banks and loan companies and the views expressed by officers of these institutions at annual meetings recently held, have aided in the strengthening of confidence. Business conditions on the whole are not discouraging. There are no large surplus stocks, but on the contrary supplies of merchandise are within bounds. The outlook generally is encouraging, and it appears quite probable that corporate borrowings of money will be at lower rates than for a year or two past. Local bankers are not disposed to lend to any extent, and the rate on securities is practically unchanged at 7 per cent. There is very little demand on the part of brokers, and speculation consequently is at a low ebb. It is perhaps just as well that it is so. However, many think that the present rates cannot be maintained here, while a 6 per cent. rate prevails in Montreal, and with money in the leading markets so much lower.

The strongest securities on the local stock exchange this week were Mexican Light and Power stock. *Securities*, and bonds and Rio de Janeiro stock and bonds. These issues have been helped by the publication of good statements and the listing of the securities on the Amsterdam Bourse. Some buying has come from that centre as well as from London. Investment buying of Consumers' Gas stock has been good, and the price has advanced 10 points since the new stock was recently sold to the public. The tractions have been quiet, with Twin City showing some weakness. The Mackay securities were irregular, with occasional profit taking. It is not likely that any change in the dividend on the common stock will be made, but the annual statement will be awaited with interest. The telegraphers' strike last summer and autumn no doubt affected the earnings of the company to a limited extent. The sale of the Bell Telephone System in Manitoba at a favorable figure was considered as a bull point for telephone stock, but it has failed to make good. Aside from the dealings in Canadian Pacific "rights," the stock has been very quiet this week, showing no special change. The decrease of \$188,000 in net earnings for December was a disappointment, as gross earnings for that month increased \$414,000. January earnings, as usual, were much smaller than those for December, but they show an increase of \$285,000 in gross. For the six months ended Dec. 31st C. P. R.'s net earnings decreased \$154,000, while during the same period the gross earnings increased over \$3,000,000 as compared with the corresponding six months of 1906.

There has been a great change for the better in first-class securities in London. Since the beginning of the year, British Consols have risen 4 per cent., and they are now higher than at the beginning of February last year. The advances have been in gilt-edged securities, while declines are reported in some stocks of uncertain merit. The improvement has been brought about by the fall in values of money in the world's leading markets. A list of 387 representative securities on the London Stock Exchange shows an appreciation in January of nearly £62,000,000 sterling. The advance in consols and other undoubted securities is conclusive proof that investors are considering first the safety of their investments. This change of temperament is a direct fruit of last year's serious financial disturbances. While everything was seemingly prosperous investors were not content with 3 or 3 1/2 per cent. return from non-speculative security, but were allured into paying inflated prices for manipulated stocks. In token of this revolution in sentiment the following figures may be presented showing transactions in stocks and bonds on the New York Stock Exchange to date this year and for the corresponding period of 1907:

1908	1907.
Stock sales	\$15,200,000
Bond sales	\$20,600,000
	70,500,000
	47,650,000

It will be seen that whereas transactions in stocks have fallen off more than 25 per cent. bond business has increased almost 50 per cent. This is not phenomenal it is a natural corollary to panic. It proves, however, that fundamental recovery has set in.

An interesting address was given by Mr. W. H. Beatty, president of the Canada Permanent Mort-

gage Corporation, at the annual meeting of Permanent. that company on Monday last. He said:

"When it is considered that during the past months many excellent bonds and stocks have been on the market at most alluring prices, tempting those having money at their credit in financial institutions to invest it with a view to securing a higher return on their capital, the small proportion of the funds entrusted to the Canada Permanent Corporation for investment which has been withdrawn, either deposits or maturing debentures, furnishes a marked proof of the confidence the public have in the Corporation, as affording them most abundant security and freedom from anxiety; and when we are able to present such a strong financial statement as we lay before you to-day this is not a matter of surprise."

"This confidence is, no doubt, based to a considerable extent upon the fact that while most of the financial institutions in the United States accepting money from the investing public, many of them with a comparatively small amount of shareholders' capital are permitted to, and do, receive deposits to an amount many times their paid-up capital, this Corporation is limited by its charter in such a way that the aggregate of its deposits cannot at any time exceed the amount of its actually paid-up capital. It must have dollar for dollar of fully paid-up capital for its deposits, while its total liabilities of every kind cannot exceed four times its paid-up capital, in addition to which there is the security of its large and rapidly increasing reserve, to which we have added, out of the profits of the past year, the sum of three hundred thousand dollars, and which now amounts to \$2,750,000, more than forty-five per cent. of the paid-up capital."

"Many persons not acquainted with the rapid and un-failing turnover of the investments of a well conducted mortgage corporation have allowed themselves to express opinions, sometimes in print, that the mortgage assets of such a corporation as ours, are, to a large extent, fixed, not liquid and not readily available. To such persons I

wish to say that, so far as this corporation is concerned, they are mistaken.

"During the year 1906 the sum of \$5,105,064.62 was received in cash from real estate mortgagors alone, and during the past year we received \$4,910,107.83 from the same source, and out of a total mortgage investment of about \$23,000,000. These moneys are, of course, available for re-investment, and constitute a steady emergent fund, to meet any unusual withdrawal of the Corporation's maturing debentures in these exceptional times. The gradual reduction of the indebtedness of mortgagors by installments of principal is in pursuance of the settled policy of the directors, and has the double effect of increasing our margin of security, and at the same time making those mortgage investments a more readily realizable, and in the true sense, a liquid and ever inflowing asset."

That the investing classes take a confident view of the future is indicated by the heavy purchases of bonds within the past week. The British people, as well as the Germans and Dutch, bought considerable quantities of American securities, and bond houses report a much larger business with all sections of the country than they had known for more than a year. Making all proper allowance for speculation in bonds since the beginning of the year, and for the accompanying manipulation of prices, leading bond dealers infer that the quantity taken manifestly for permanent investment was exceedingly heavy. The outlook for money in New York is by no means as clear as the present low rates would seem to indicate. The piling up of surplus reserves goes on, but against this seeming plethora of cash is the fact that circulation is being rapidly retired, that the U. S. treasury is drawing in its deposits from the banks, that the \$80,000,000 of new securities arranged for in January will use up a great quantity of cash as reserve against the necessary loans, and that there is every probability of a heavy gold export movement this spring. These are considerations which raise a reasonable doubt as to whether money is going to remain as extremely easy after all. As long as general business remains in its present stagnant condition on the other side, there will be money enough to go round, but any revival of activity, such as many people look for at the end of the winter, would almost certainly mean a materially higher range of money rates.

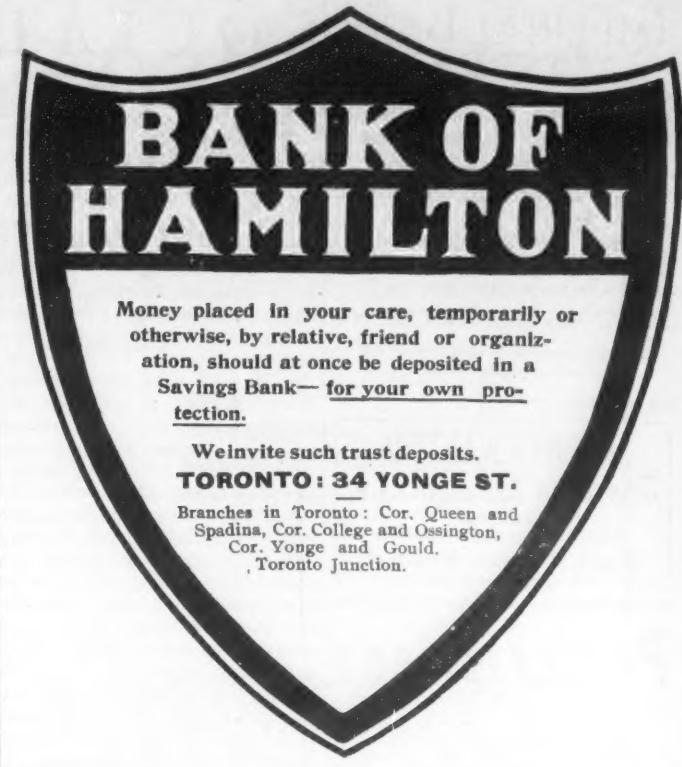
One of President Roosevelt's strongest supporters on Wall Street is Henry Clews, the banker and broker. He was not a little disconcerted over that portion of the President's message condemning marginal trading in stocks. For some days not a word of comment on the message could be got out of him, but he managed to straighten things out to his own satisfaction the other day. "President Roosevelt reflects unfavorably on transactions made on margins," he told his customers. "I'm with the President, and I want it distinctly understood that there will be no more marginal trading in this office from this time on. But don't go away until I get through. We'll keep on doing business. I won't buy stocks for you on margin, but I will buy them for you on credit. Instead of your paying a margin of 10 per cent., I'll give you a credit of 90 per cent., and if there's any power on earth that can prevent me from extending credit, I've been unable to find it."

The visible supply of wheat throughout the world hardly justifies the continuance of the prices which Wheat. the American trade has succeeded in maintaining. The average visible supply of wheat for the five years from 1902 to 1905, inclusive, on December 1st was 134,700,000 bushels. The estimate for 1907 was 170,842,000 bushels, making a decrease of only 7.5 per cent. Mainly on this small margin of difference, a difference in price of from twenty to thirty cents a bushel compared with last year, has been held with widespread assurance. But now that the outlook is better in India for domestic food needs rather than for export, and with an enormous crop in sight of probably 133,000,000 bushels for export from the Plate River region, Europe will feel much easier and the consumer of breadstuffs in America be benefitted by the brighter outlook.

At the beginning of 1907 the Dominion Bank had fifty branches, and these, in the ordinary way, were increased by seven during the year, while six others have been taken over from the Sovereign Bank. The opening of a branch in Vancouver completes a chain of branches at all the important centres from Montreal to the Pacific Coast. To the shareholders during the past year the sum of \$428,893.23 has been paid in four quarterly dividends, at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum, while the sum of \$933,456 was transferred to the reserve, and \$235,140 carried forward to the credit of profit and loss account. Of the \$1,000,000 new capital authorized at the annual meeting one year ago, \$983,700 has been subscribed and \$848,597 paid up at the close of 1907.

St. James's Budget says: It is all very well for the Americans to complain of the hunger for tips in England. We know, too, that it is the ostentatious tip-slinging American who has been largely responsible for making matters as bad as they are. But the acquisitive palms of the cadger are not found in this country only; conditions are at least as bad on the continent. Apparently they have been worse than now. When Duke Ernest was King of Hanover, men holding high positions at court were not too proud to accept tips for services performed to visitors. When Sir Frederic Trench was there he knew the habits of the men about court better even than the English chaplain who was piloting him round. "What shall I give this swell?" he asked, as a dignitary completed his attendance upon them. "You mustn't tip him; you'll insult him," said the other. "You just go on and leave him to me," said the General. He rejoined his companion a couple of minutes later. "That's all right; the thaler is safe in the gentleman's pocket," he remarked.

A curious habit of the late Empress of Austria when hunting was to use small squares of rice paper in the Japanese fashion instead of pocket-handkerchiefs; by these she could be traced for miles, as in a paper chase.



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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE opening night of the Canadian Art Club's exhibition was a huge success. The crowd was brilliant and smart, the pictures were much admired, the details of arrangement, the dainty little buffet supper, the soft strains of music from an orchestra hidden in an ante-room, about a cosy fire, and the general atmosphere of subdued enthusiasm which pervaded the gathering was quite delightful. It is not an easy task to accomplish a successful opening in every minute detail, but the young men upon whom fell the brunt of the work did so. The old court room, in which the Lieutenant-Governor remarked he had, on his last visit, seen two men tried for their lives, was transformed by a deep dado of neutral tinted burlap, into a "first-rate place for a hanging," as some one remarked, apropos of the reminiscent words of the Governor. The pictures were generally arranged in groups, each artist sending half a dozen or more. Atkinson's dainty landscapes and Homer Watson's breezy bits of nature, trees and skies all aglow, Archibald Browne's poetic moonlit and twilight scenes, Curtis Williamson's strong bits of Newfoundland, and his splendid portrait of his fellow-clubman, Browne, Morris's noble red men and clever bits of lower Canadian river and gulf scenery, were enhanced by the presence of the painters—as diverse a lot of men as their pictures were dissimilar. A head by Harris, several of Brownell's works, a bit of Brimmer, and one or two other contributions from absent members completed the show. There were just enough pictures, and they were most interesting. His Honor Sir Mortimer and Lady Clark, Miss Mortimer Clark and Captain Douglas Young, arrived in good time, and presently the crowds endeavored to catch the words of the President's address, which was received with applause, and the Lieutenant-Governor, in a bright little speech, punctuated with much laughter, declared the first exhibition of the Canadian Art Club opened. Among the many at the opening were: Lady Mulock, Lady Moss, Mrs. and Miss Whitney, Mrs. and Miss Nordheimer of Glendenith, Mrs. Lockie Hamilton and Mr. Bodington, Mrs. McDowall Thomson and her guest, Miss Irwin, of Kamloops; Miss Clute, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. George Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. Bull, Dr. and Mrs. Garratt, Mrs. W. H. B. Aikins, Madame Rochereau de la Sabliere, Mrs. J. E. and Miss Thompson, Mr. O'Flynn, Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, Miss Morris, Miss Creighton, Mr. and Miss Frou Le Mesurier, Miss Adele Harman, Mrs. and Miss Florence Sprague, Miss Constance Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. VanKoughnet, Mr. Williams, Miss Gyp Armstrong, Mrs. Lovell, Mr. Stuart Grier, Mr. Lyle, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mr. Mickle, Colonel and Mrs. Bruce, Mr. and Mrs. R. Capreole, Mr. and Mrs. Hollwey, Mr. and Mrs. Mulock Boulbee, Mr. and Mrs. Rosamond Boulbee, Mr. B. E. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick, Mrs. and Miss Blewett, Dr. Brefney O'Reilly, Mr. Cockshutt, Professor and Mrs. Vander Smissen, Miss Vander Smissen, Mr. George Harman, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Bruce Harman, Miss Harman, Mr. and Mrs. Pigott, Miss Rolph, Miss Moss, Mrs. Edmund Bristol, Mrs. Agar Adamson, Mrs. W. H. Cawthra, Mrs. Cox, Mr. Langmuir, the Misses Atkinson, Mrs. Scott-Raff, Mrs. Gwynne, Dr. and Mrs. Boulbee, Mr. and Mrs. W. Fraser, Mrs. Herbert Mason, Mrs. and Miss Estelle Kerr, Mr. Frederic Nicholls, the Misses Nicholls, Mrs. Lissant Beardmore, Mrs. Fane Sewell, Mrs. Coulson, Lady and Miss Edgar, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Colonel and Mrs. Bruce, Dr. Fotheringham, Provost Macklem, Mr. Sutherland Macklem, Messrs. Macklem, Mrs. Harry Gamble, Mrs. Cambie, Mrs. Glackmeyer, Mrs. Crowther, Miss Kerr, Mrs. Beardmore, Mr. and Mrs. James Douglas, Mrs. Mewburn, of Hamilton, Mrs. Aubrey Heward, and Mrs. Jukes Johnston. The ladies who have undertaken the duties of hostesses at the tea-hour are inclusive of the smartest people in town.

Mrs. A. Dickson Patterson arrived from England on the Empress of Ireland last Saturday. She is with Mrs. Patterson, at St. John, N.B., and her Toronto friends are greatly looking forward to seeing her later on.

Mrs. Reginald Parmenter (*nee* Hargrave), of Winnipeg, received yesterday for the first time since her marriage, at 27 Prince Arthur avenue, and will be at home Fridays in February.

After an illness of some duration Mr. Rolland Hills departed this life on Saturday. Since the arrival of the deceased and his amiable family in Toronto they have made many firm friends, and condolences are sincere to Mrs. Hills and her daughters on their loss. Mr. Rolland Hills combined the qualities most valuable in a business man, a citizen, a social friend and the head of a household, and his death is deeply regretted.

The marriage of Miss Isabel Storey and Mr. Frank Goodwin took place quietly on January 28, at the home of the bride's parents, Rev. Mr. Barclay officiating. The bride wore ivory eoliene, with chiffon, and a crown of orange blossoms. Her bouquet was of white roses. Miss Boyle was bridesmaid, and Mr. Herbert Goodwin, brother of the groom, was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin went to the States for their bridal trip.

Dr. Lionel Pritchard, of Bay Roberts, Newfoundland, was in town over Sunday. The death of Mrs. Pritchard (*nee* Whiteway), a daughter of Sir William Whiteway, took place at her parent's home, Riverview, St. John's, Newfoundland, on January 21. Dr. Pritchard's old classmates in Toronto, and many other friends, who sent him so many good wishes on his marriage last June, will grieve to hear of his bereavement. Mrs. Pritchard was a delightful girl, ardent and enthusiastic and most devoted to her young husband, whose home was only brightened by her presence for a very few months. Dr. Pritchard left on Monday evening, to return to his professional work in Bay Roberts, where he has a huge practice, and is very popular.

Mrs. Montague King, of Kenilworth avenue, is visiting friends in Chicago. She intends going as far as Vancouver on a round of visits.

The fourth annual dance of the Sergeants' Mess of the 48th Highland regiment was held at McConkey's on January 31, and, as usual, a very enjoyable evening was spent, the officers entering into the festivity with much interest, and many of their relatives and friends accepting the invitation of the stalwart N.C.'s to be of the gay party. The music and supper was alike excellent, and the Scotch dances, as usual, gone through *con amore*. The guests included: Lieutenant-Colonel J. I. Davidson, Mrs. Davidson, Sergt.-Major and Mrs. Kirkness, Miss Kirkness, Miss Hodgson, Quarter-Master Sergt. and Mrs. Ross, Baker, Mr. Perry, Mr. Lorne Somerville.

Miss Emma T. Irons, Color-Sergt. Davidson and Mrs. Davidson, Miss Upton, Miss Byers, Miss Hendershot, Dr. Forbes, Mr. and Mrs. McHardy, Sergt. Gould, Miss Pucher, J. W. Simser, J. D. Graham, Miss N. M. McCabe, Sergt. and Mrs. Smeal, Mr. R. Richardson, Miss Mauthien, Mr. Fleischauer, Color-Sergt. and Mrs. Anderson, Sergt. Boake, Mr. and Mrs. McClelland, Sergt. Kent, Miss Bristol, Mr. and Mrs. Berry, Sergt.-Major Huggins, Miss Geddes, Sergt. Jos. Latremouille and Mrs. Latremouille, Miss Quinn, Miss Boake, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Mr. and Miss Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. Hutchison, Sergt.-Major and Mrs. Fox, Mr. F. Smith, Miss Hogarth, Miss Leslie, Mr. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Moore, Mr. Wem, Miss Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Ransom, Mr. Arthur B. Smith, Mr. C. J. Myers, Dr. H. A. Abraham, Miss Hawthorne, Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, Miss McCaul, Miss Rouse, Mr. Dorothy Byers, Miss Grace Upton, Mr. E. B. Fleury, Miss Vallary, W. S. Harold, Miss Barall, Mr. A. C. Hicks, Miss M. Parker, Miss Letters, Mr. and Mrs. Barber, Miss L. Taber and Mr. Norman Taber, Mrs. Wilson, Miss Cosby, Colonel Robertson, Miss Michie, Mrs. Cowan, Sergt. Nicholls, Sergt. C. A. E. Wass, Miss D. Milner, Miss Feeney, Sergt.-Major W. H. Hewitt, Sergt. and Mrs. Johnston, Mr. Moore, Miss Hawxwell, Mr. Wood, Miss Alethea Banton, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Slanker, Mr. B. A. Mitchell, Miss K. Cameron, Mr. E. C. Featherson, Miss M. Mitchell, Mr. John Sharpe, Mrs. Meyers, Mr. and Mrs. Downing, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Timble, Miss McGown, Mr. M. Singer, Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. Wilard W. Dunlop, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Smith, Mr. Alex. Warden, Lieut. N. Perry, Sergt.-Major and Mrs. Cross, Sergt. and Mrs. Hodgson, Sergt. and Mrs. W. H. Grant and Miss McCaughay, Mr. W. F. Scott, Branford; Miss Goediek, Mr. Bebb, Miss Graham, Mr. F. Boake, Miss Boake and Miss Bonthron, Mr. and Mrs. Ewart Osborne, Mr. Richard Maddocks, Miss Bates, Mr. K. C. Balfour, Sergt.-Instructor Campbell and Miss M. Campbell, Color-Sergt. and Mrs. Banton, Miss Armstrong, Staff-Sergt. T. D. Lawson, Hamilton; Sergt. F. Burton, Hamilton; Mr. M. J. O'Leary, Mrs. O'Leary and Miss J. O'Leary, Color-Sergt. and Mrs. Sinclair, Miss B. Sinclair, Mrs. J. J. Zock, Miss Moreash, Dr. Sharpe, Mrs. M. Nicoll, Lieut. Marshall, Lieut. Al'en, Staff-Sergt. Noble, and Mrs. Noble, Miss Sargent, Mrs. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. F. Giles, Mr. R. J. Gendron, Miss Young, Mr. Wm. Chandler, Miss Harper, Color-Sergt. and Mrs. Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. Rousseau and Mrs. Beal.

Mrs. Cleve Hall is spending some time with Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Hall, and receives with her mother-in-law on Mondays.

Mr. Victor Stefansson will give an illustrated lecture this afternoon on "The Eskimo of the Mackenzie River," in the Chemical building in the Queen's Park at 3 o'clock. Professor and Mrs. Mavor are giving a tea after the lecture, which is the third of the University Saturday series.

Mr. Wheeldon gave another of those delightful twilight recitals on the great organ in the Metropolitan church last Saturday afternoon. There can be nothing more restful and welcome to busy or careworn humanity than the quiet hour in the dim-lit church, listening to this masterly player calling forth the best of this magnificent organ, and crowds of people have found it out. It is a real privilege, "the world forgetting, by the world forgotten," to attend Mr. Wheeldon's recitals.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Simpson, Miss Simpson and Miss Marguerite Simpson, of Wellesley place, are leaving for Nassau, sailing by the S.S. Morrocastle from New York.

The marriage of Miss Margaret Barnhart, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Charles E. Barnhardt, and Mr. Colin Stewart Cameron, will take place quietly on February 12 in Owen Sound.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Willson, of 294 St. George street, have left for Nassau, Southern Florida, for the winter.

Miss Wilson, of Rusholme road, is visiting her sister, Mrs. L. R. Peacock, of Fort Rouge, Winnipeg.

On Friday, January 31, Mrs. Wilbur C. Matthews gave a dance at her new residence in Chestnut Park road to about one hundred of her daughters' young friends, who had a chance to enjoy the many attractions of the house and the kind hospitality of a hostess who always enters heartily into her children's enjoyment. Miss Helen Matthews is soon leaving for her studies in Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, and her elder sisters are going abroad for three months on a tour of southern Europe, where they spent a grand holiday with Mrs. Matthews some years ago. All three sisters will be missed from the bright coterie where they are each much esteemed. Good luck and *bon voyage* to them.

On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday this week the Canadian Art Club Exhibition has been a popular rendezvous at the tea hour, well-known hostesses having welcomed their friends on those afternoons. On the two off days the Exhibition was not neglected by many interested in the pictures. Tuesday afternoon, Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Nordheimer, of Glendenith, Mrs. Lockie Hamilton and Mrs. VanKoughnet were hostesses. On Thursday, Mrs. Mavor, Mrs. Sweny, of Rohallion, and Mrs. Adamson were the hostesses, and this afternoon, Mrs. Osler and Mrs. Ramsay Wright are to welcome the visitors. Among those present on Tuesday were President Falconer, Mr. and Mrs. Plumb, Mrs. Osler, Mr. and Mrs. VanKoughnet, Mrs. Herbert Mason and Mrs. Marani, Mrs. J. B. Maclean, Mrs. Garratt, Mr. and Mrs. Hartley Dewart, Mrs. James Scott, Mrs. Dignam, Mrs. Agar Adamson, Mrs. Thompson, Miss Whitney, Mrs. Clarence and Miss Denison, Mrs. Bertram Denison and Miss Yvonne Nordheimer, Mrs. Victor Williams, Miss Maude Denison, Mrs. Sprague, Mrs. and Miss Elmsley, Mrs. J. E. Thompson, and many others.

The very powerful play at the Royal Alexandra this week is well acted and beautifully staged, and the leading lady, Madame Bertha Kalich, makes a profound impression. The whole play, costuming and plot is different from the usual run, and while it is never pleasant is always interesting. On Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock had Chief Justice and Mrs. Falconbridge and Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Burritt in their box, and some others present were Mr. and Mrs. Alan Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Massey, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Massey, Mrs. Maclean, the Misses Hogboom, Professor and Mrs. Baker, Mr. Perry, Mr. Lorne Somerville.

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The amount of Deposits this Corporation may hold is legally limited. On an actually paid-up capital of Six Million Dollars, it is only permitted to accept deposits to the amount of Six Million Dollars. It must have dollar for dollar of paid-up capital for its deposits, while its total liabilities of every kind cannot exceed four times its actually paid-up Capital.

In addition, the Corporation's Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits amount to \$8,820,410.02. The Shareholders have thus provided a special protection to the Depositors in the exceptionally large amount of

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The transfer books will be closed from February 19th to 29th, 1908, both days inclusive.

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General Manager.

Toronto, Jan. 22nd, 1908.

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Sixty Years in Upper Canada

An Interesting Volume of Recollections by Col. Charles Clarke, Ex-Clerk of the Ontario Legislative Assembly. . . .

COL. CHARLES CLARKE, of Elora, in his day a journalist, a member of the Ontario Legislature, Speaker, and for many years Clerk of the Assembly, has just published a book of recollections, "Sixty Years in Upper Canada" (William Briggs, Toronto). It is a very interesting volume and will be much prized for the information it gives of men and events during the past half century. As a journalist and politician Col. Clarke had a personal acquaintance with most of the men of the generation that has just passed away. While he possesses the gifts of a chronicler, and writes most entertainingly in discussing the rivalry between George Brown and John A. Macdonald, he contrasts the qualities of the two men until he arrives at the tragedy by which Brown lost his life. Bennett, a discharged employee of The Globe, entered Mr. Brown's office to complain of the treatment he had received at the hands of the foreman who had dismissed him. Bennett carried a revolver, but it is not clear that he meant to shoot The Globe editor. But Mr. Brown clinched with him, and in the struggle got shot. "The thought comes to me," says Col. Clarke, "that under similar circumstances Sir John would have managed not to be shot."

* * *

John Sandfield Macdonald, we are told, had one distinguishing weakness: he was a good hater, and had no love for George Brown. These two men never heartily became one on any question which occupied the public mind. I remember an incident, unimportant in itself, but which markedly illustrated the feeling so evidently and constantly existent. At the formation of the Brown-Dorion administration, a public dinner was given in Elora in honor of the event. This occurred in days when railways had not reached that section of the country, and the ministerial visitors travelled from Guelph in carriages. A party from Elora met the invited guests a few miles out, and escorted them to the village. These guests were men, notable then, although afterwards better known. There were John Sandfield Macdonald, A. A. Dorion, Oliver Mowat, Michael Foley, A. Ferguson Blair, Luther H. Holton, David Stirling, and others, but minus the chief, George Brown. I naturally inquired why he was absent. Some one replied that private affairs had compelled his return from Hamilton to Toronto, and I expressed regret. An irascible voice from the interior of the carriage immediately and snapishly asked:

"Can't you do without George Brown for a single night?"

The voice was the voice of Sandfield, and his question was never answered, his hearers being too much astonished to readily find a reply suitable to the time and circumstances.

* * *

Col. Clarke speaks highly of old Malcolm C. Cameron, known in his day as "The Coon." The most regrettable of the few dubious things he did was his pursuit of poor John Wetenhall, of Elora, who, appointed Commissioner of Public Works by the Hincks Administration, was attacked relentlessly by Malcolm Cameron, and was not only financially ruined, but lost his reason. I reported Wetenhall's speech at his nomination in long hand, and spent the night at an hotel in Dundas listening to the then maudlin dictation of his oratorical points. A few days after that miserable night came the poll, and the result was dire. The roads were bad, the Scots' vote in Dumfries was alienated, or made indifferent, by Malcolm Cameron's stump speeches; and with the contributory efforts of Rev. Mr. Jennings, a Presbyterian minister of Toronto, who had heard Wetenhall swear at one of his meetings and found him unwilling to apologize therefor, the unexpected end of the campaign came in the thorough defeat of the Ministerial candidate and the triumphant return of Caleb Hopkins.

On the morning following the election, a knock at my office door preceded the entrance of a gaunt figure, carrying a lantern in one hand and a big stake for a staff, who was oddly dressed in unusual garments and asked me to and for him an honest man. I thought, at the first glance, that this was the whim or jest of a cynic, but speedily discovered that my visitor was the sad wreck of an amiable and disappointed man. Poor Wetenhall was sent to the Toronto Asylum for the Insane, and died there from erysipelas, following wounds received at the hands of a brother unfortunate. More talented men and keener politicians there may have been in the Reform ranks of Upper Canada, but a more honest and trustworthy man than he never sought the suffrages of the people.

* * *

Looking over the votes of these early sessions, one finds perhaps less independence than the circumstances of a body newly-organized might warrant. Men soon ranged themselves on one side or the other, and in matters of moment found it safer to follow their leaders. The zeal of some of these neophytes, too, was less intense than might have been expected. There seems to have been considerable abstention from voting, and, presumably, from the House. There was a new system, but men were and still remain the same. Precisely what constitutes an ideal private member is a question about which there may be difference of opinion. One man's view, frankly and emphatically stated to me, I can give. Speaking to Hon. E. B. Wood, in the early days of the second Parliament, I remarked that the House was to be congratulated on the brainy character of many of the representatives.

"Brains!" said E. B. "What do we want with brains? What we want is votes!"

Thomas Gibson, Esq., member for many years for North Huron, one of the most honest men who ever filled a seat in the Legislature, was one of the small band who received popular endorsement during many successive Parliaments. His style was peculiarly his own, and you knew, when listening to his broad Scots tongue, that he had that to say which was worth hearing, and that he implicitly believed every word he uttered, as did everybody else. He was an intense reader, and if a stranger to the House asked for Thomas Gibson outside of the hours when the House was in session, he was likely to be directed to the library. He was a walking encyclopaedia on matters municipal, for he had been a reeve in Huron for many years, and, possessing a remarkably retentive memory, could respond to any question put to him along that line. He had an honest objection to the theatre. I persuaded him to hear and see Adelaide Neilson, in Juliet, and he left the building declaring that such a performance

THE SILENT POOR

By J. L. TOYE

W EAK and tired, yet forced with reluctant feet, On, still on, the desolate wanderers move, Eagerly scanning each face in the proud, cold street, For a glance of pity, an earnest of human love.

Dulled is the mind which early in youth could soar High and fearless, and far from all sordid care; Broken the spirit that could not learn to implore Smiles from a God who frowned on its black despair.

Heart of the Silent Poor, who make no sign For alms, for aid in the hour of uttermost need! Who shall arouse those steeped in Frivolity's wine? Or teach the calloused and bloodless heart to bleed?

Toronto, Jan., '08.

was a slur upon Shakespeare and profaned his name when his words were used "in sic a manner by sic a woman."

* * *

Another interesting anecdote is told by Col. Clarke, relating to Thomas R. Ferguson, who used to represent South Simcoe.

He was a politician of the turbulent type, and when Nassau Chatham Gowan was contesting North Wellington with Charles Allen, Ferguson was there and did much to precipitate a riot in the township of Maryborough. He had to pass through Elora on his return after the poll. The Reformers had gone through the excitement of receiving reports giving returns in favor of Allen, and many were about retiring, when a buggy containing two men drew up in front of the hotel in which the Grits were jubilating. It was immediately seen that it was Ferguson who was in control, and refusing to permit the driver accompanying him to pass the hotel where the Reformers were assembled. A shout was raised, and two men approached the buggy and endeavored to pull "Tom" out of it. He sprang to his feet, placed the muzzle of a heavily-loaded gun, which he carried, to the breast of Andrew Gordon, twice pulled the trigger, but fortunately round the weapon useless from rust, which had filled the nipple and rendered harmless the caps. Ferguson was pulled from the buggy and advised to run for his life. He was thrust over the bar of the hotel, someone pulling off one of his boots as he disappeared, and was then hurried from the rear of the building to a place of safety by some of the Reformers present. Next morning his tall hat furnished a football for passing schoolboys. A trial followed this attempted shooting, but the jury could see nothing wrong in the affair, and no verdict was secured. When I met Ferguson afterwards he laughed at what might have been a catastrophe. His pluck was seen when the final vote was taken in the House at the time of John Sandfield's defeat. Every vote was needed on both sides, and Ferguson, very ill at the time, was placed on a couch and carried into the House, and gave his vote from that position.

Eccentric Alfred Nobel.

ALFRED NOBEL, whose memory receives its annual revival in the award of his munificent prizes, had little personal knowledge of England. He disliked the English climate and English cooking—in all London he found only one hotel and one restaurant where dinner was a possibility, and he qualified even this praise by describing their cuisine as "the least disagreeable" in England.

A disappointment that he never got over was that he was not elected a member of the Royal Society, while his lifelong weakness and nervous disposition and winter bronchitis made first Paris and then San Remo his chosen abode on his attainment of wealth.

Only twice did Nobel ever visit the great high explosive factory which he established in Scotland. In Paris he was to be seen daily huddled up in his rugs in his carriage, driving to his laboratory outside the city. He had an extraordinary knowledge of languages, a distrust of lawyers—he made his own will—and when heart disease came upon him he wore a stethograph to trace the irregularities of his pulse.

Tiring of the pictures on his walls he arranged with an art dealer to have his rooms hung with pictures on hire, returning them and receiving others in exchange as often as he liked. He took out 129 patents in England, and the invention to which he attached most importance was his artificial india rubber, of which few people have ever heard, because his dynamite speaks so loudly for itself.

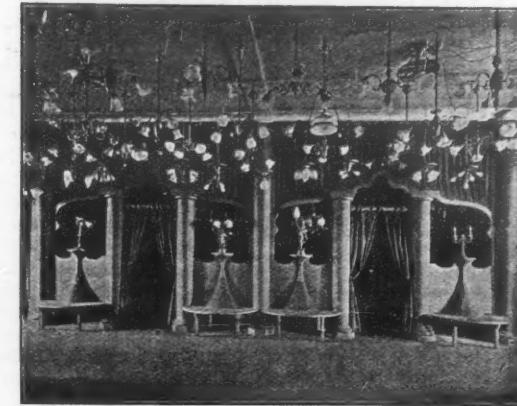
Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard, a Canadian lady, lecturing recently before the Royal Geographical Society, of London, on her "Journeys through Lonely Labrador," said that she started from the North-West river post with a crew of four men, one being a Canadian and the others Indians or half-breeds. She carried for her own particular use a tiny feather pillow and a hot-water bottle. Half-way on their journey they arrived at Height of Land, where she found the sources of the two rivers, the Nasaupee and the George, which were only three hundreds yards apart. She was the first of the white race to set foot on the Great Divide between these two rivers. Near here they saw the first Indian camp. A large crowd assembled on the shore, firing guns. They were all women and children, Montagnian Indians, the women being in a state of terror and shouting: "Go away; we are afraid of you; our husbands are away." One of her companions understood the language, and when he said, "We are strangers, and are passing through your country," the shrieks of the women were turned into laughter; and they were invited to the camp.

"Mr. Dooley," discoursing on the Jap, says: In th' good old days we wuddn't have thought life was worth livin' if we cuddn't insult a foreigner. That's what they were fr'. When I was strong, before old age deprived me iv most in me pathism an' other infantile disorders, I never saw a Swede, a Hun, an Eytalian, a Booh-garyan, a German, a Fr-rinchman that I didn't give him th' shoulder. If 'twas an Englishman I give him th' foot, too. Threaty rights, says ye? We give them th' same threaty rights he'd give us—a dhrink and a whack on th' head. It seemed proper to us. If 'twas right to belong to wan naytionality 'twas wrong to belong to another. If 'twas a man's proud boast to be an American, it was a disgrace to be a German, an' a joke to be a Fr-rinchman. An' that goes now. Ye can bump any foreigner ye meet but a Jap. Don't touch him. He's a live wire. Why, he Hivens, it won't be long till we'll have to be threatin' th' Chinese dacint.

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Men's Car Ticket Cases, 25c. to 65c.
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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

16 WEEK was the date of the opening of parliament, and the conscienceless weather-man provided a first class blizzard as a special inducement to all loyal women to present themselves at the weird hour of three o'clock in all the frankness of ball toilette at the Parliament Buildings. The worst storm of the season raged, but the women arrived in scores, and by the time the Government House party made their entree the seats of the mighty were filled with the annual efflorescence of beauty and fashion which assembles to see parliament set going. His Honor and Lady Clark, the Misses Clark and the Misses Reid were punctual. The Governor's carriage was preceded by a couple of overcoated Dragoons as *avants-couriers*, and half a dozen of an escort. The Royal Grenadier's band was waiting in the mist of snow to play the national anthem, and a guard of honor was with them. And over all, the galloping Dragoons, the big closed carriage, the bandsmen and kilties, with their great bonnets, the storm whirled and tumbled and all the arts of heaven blew strong. Lady Clark wore a splendid white gown and diamonds; Miss Mortimer Clark was in white and pink with a bouquet of orchids and lily of the valley; Miss Elise was in white, so were the Misses Reid, carrying large bouquets of white carnations and ferns, and occupying seats on the first tier, just behind Lady Clark. The circle was filled with ladies; opposite Lady Clark sat Lady Moss in a beautiful violet gown with white lace; Mrs. Whitney was on the right side of the circle in a handsome white gown; the other ladies of the cabinet were ranged near her. Mrs. Osler in black puffed lace with a touch of lavender; Mrs. Mabee in violet gauze over violet silk; Mrs. Oliver, in black net over pleated chiffon, richly patterned in chenille and paillettes, were on the left side. Mrs. Adam Beck was lovely as ever in white and silver with palest blue, the gown in semi-Empire style; Mrs. Crawford, wife of the Speaker, wore black lace over white; Mrs. Pyne wore a beautiful white gown; Mrs. Anglin wore pale blue satin, with roses of pale pink ribbons as trimming. The officers accompanying His Honor on his entrance included: General Otter, Colonel Williams, Major Carpenter, Major Elmsley, Captain Van Straubenzee, and some others, including the Colonel and Major Michie of the 48th Highlanders, grouped on either side of the throne. They added brilliance to the already gay scene, and clattered out after His Honor as soon as the address was read. A handsome visitor on the floor of the House was Mr. Stewart Tupper, of Winnipeg, who was greatly interested in the state and ceremony observed, as I understand they are not quite so formal in the West. Three new members were introduced, Mr. Donovan finding favor with the ladies, on account of his handsome and noticeable appearance.

After the opening Mrs. Crawford, assisted by Mrs. Whitney, held a huge reception in the Speaker's chambers, which were decorated with pink carnations and ferns, azaleas and palms, and after greeting the hostess, guests naturally gyrated to the dining-room, where a long buffet was arranged for the tea. The decorations were white and pink, bridesmaid roses, carnations, azaleas and ferns alternating down the board. In spite of the raging elements a vast number attended both the opening and the Speaker's reception, where all was brightness and good cheer.

Miss Elsie Thorold returned to Montreal on Wednesday—at least she started, in the teeth of a big storm.

The death of Mr. Frank Moss, son of the late Chief Justice Thomas Moss, occurred on Wednesday in the far West, the result of an accident. Mrs. Thomas Moss, Mr. Jack Moss and Mrs. Vera Brown are the nearest relatives of the deceased in Toronto.

Among the many beautiful women at the opening on Wednesday, two particularly striking ones were Mrs. Hugh Calderwood, whose fine presence attracted many admiring glances, and Mrs. Percy Rutherford, who wore a puffed black gown and a charming coiffure, smart, but without the exaggeration of some of our *mondaines*. A fair daughter of Rathnelly also looked particularly pretty and smart. Mrs. Harley Smith was a pretty little matron, in black, with many bright pink ribbons.

The Mayor of Toronto was stuck in a snowbank somewhere between Chicago and Toronto, and did not get here for the opening.

The big dinner at Government House, which always follows the opening of Parliament, was on on Wednesday evening. "I like the dinner," said an expectant guest, "for we get away at a reasonable hour; no stupid long speeches!"

Next week Toronto will be for several days the residence of Earl and Countess Grey and the Ladies Sybil and Evelyn Grey, with several members of the vice-regal suite. Sir Mortimer and Lady Clark will be hosts of His Excellency and his party. The distinguished visitors are expected on Tuesday, and fine winter weather is what everyone hopes for during their visit.

The very successful dance given by the Dental College students in the Temple Building, an account of which was, unfortunately crowded out last week, when an unusual number of big dances were on hand, was largely attended by as bright and bonny a crowd of merry-makers as ever tripped the light fantastic. The patronesses-in-chief, Mrs. Falconer, wife of the President of the University, and Mrs. Willmott, wife of the President of the Dental College, were as interested and cordial as any debutante of them all, and the former continues to charm all her new friends in Toronto with her unaffected, sincere and winning way of meeting each new obligation in the social world. Mrs. Willmott has so long played hostess for her husband's students that she is a past-mistress in the art. The Dental College colors are garnet and blue, and each steward wore the ribbon across his manly shirt-front, like an Order of the Court of Terpsichore. The decorations repeated the colors even the electric being arranged in groups of three, a blue light cheered up and flanked by two crimson ones. Supper was served at eleven to the patronesses and committee, and afterwards a couple or three services were given, until all were fortified for the last few dances, the merriest of all. The "Dentals" are energetic dancers, and their partners were kept on the go from start to finish. As a pretty girl passed, with a merry laugh, she said to another: "My partner is a dream. I'd rather have his arm around my waist than my neck, though!" And they both laughed again at the reminiscence of some unhappy hours in the latter position. The

Dental dances used to be held in the big school in College street, but Dr. Willmott found them too upsetting to the general study, of course, and since then they have been enjoyed in the Temple ballroom, a capital place, for such gaities.

Miss Brodigan arranged a twilight musical at the new art gallery, La Plaza, Jarvis street, on Thursday, from four to six o'clock. Those assisting were Miss M. Bruce, Miss Sinclair, Miss Flavelle, Miss Ellis, and Mr. H. Massey-Frederick.

The jolliest little luncheons, dances and teas are those at which a hostess gathers her guests from the residents of Toronto, formerly fellow-townspeople in some other centre. There have been Simcoe lunches, Collingwood teas, and the other day Mrs. McCurdy gave a little tea for Mrs. Falconer and Mrs. Fraser, at which the guests were Nova Scotians like the guests of honor. Looking back for a few months one realizes that Toronto has been drawing a very valuable and charming lot of people from the seashore province.

Mrs. Bruce Macdonald entertained at dinner on Monday evening in honor of a Montreal visitor. Mrs. R. S. Smellie asked a few friends in on the same day to meet another guest from the same city. Mrs. Ralph King has her aunt from Montreal on a visit, and gave a tea for her on Monday.

The Misses Reid were guests of honor at Mrs. J. Gordon Macdonald's pleasant tea for girls.

The Garrison Players will present "Brother Officers" at the Princess Theatre on the evening of Feb. 17. The Competition occupies the whole of the following week at the Russell Theatre, Ottawa. I hear that the cast is both strong and clever.

Mrs. and Miss Gladys Williams are back from a stay of some weeks at the Welland. The little invalid is very much better.

Captain Connolly, U.S.A., and Mrs. Connolly, are at Salt Lake City, where Captain Connolly's regiment is now stationed. Mrs. Geary has left on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Connolly.

Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock returned early this week from a pleasant visit to Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, during which they were charmingly entertained by many friends.

The dance given in the Metropolitan Parlors by the Aura Lee Club on Tuesday night was a very bright and successful affair. The cosy quarters were as perfectly suited to the dance as they always are, and the President and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Jones, received the guests. Among the guests were: Lady Moss, in orchid satin; Lady Mulock, in black lace and satin; Miss Elise Mortimer Clark, in white net with pink; the Misses Reid, in white; Mrs. Ritchie, in cream satin; Miss Ritchie, in pale blue crepe; the Misses Chalcraft, in blue, and mauve and white; Mrs. C. C. Robinson, in jetted lace; Miss Lorna Murray, white and silver; Miss Baldwin, *eau de nil* satin. The Aura Lee Club has a fine membership and there were hosts of dancing men to match the many graceful and pretty girls present.

On Monday week there will be a "trial performance" of the play to be presented by Lieut.-Colonel Septimus Denison's Garrison Dramatic Club in the Governor-General's Competition this month.

Miss Nora Casey, of Macleod, Alta., is visiting Mrs. George Perry, Spadina gardens.

Mrs. Edgar Doward, whose birthday is May 24, who was born in the same year as the late revered Queen Victoria, and is her namesake, was this week the recipient of a letter and gift from His Majesty King Edward VII.

Mrs. Lockie Hamilton is going to Winnipeg to her sister, and will visit other places in the further West before returning to Toronto.

Mrs. Donald Ross has recently been seriously ill in Winnipeg. Mr. Charles Sampson has been laid up with gripe this week.

The marriage of Miss Eva Livingstone, daughter of Mr. L. M. Livingstone, and Mr. James Grayson Smith, was quietly celebrated in the Central Presbyterian church last Saturday morning, Dr. McTavish performing the ceremony. The bride wore her travelling dress, and was attended by her sister, Miss Lillian Livingstone. Mr. Home Smith was best man. There was no reception, and Mr. and Mrs. Grayson Smith went South for their honeymoon.

Miss Ethel Gormally returned to Ottawa last week.

The death of Colonel Robert B. Hulme, which occurred at his home in Belleville a week ago, followed soon upon the decease of Mrs. Hulme, which sad events have removed from society two very much esteemed and well known persons. Mrs. Herbert Hulme, of Vancouver, who had arrived here on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Jones, went down to Belleville on receipt of the news of her father-in-law's death.

The engagement of Miss Helen Stewart Douglas and Mr. Malcolm Campbell Oswald, of Montreal, has been announced.

Mrs. Yeates (see Gilmour) received on Thursday, with her mother, Mrs. Gilmour, in the Warden's residence, Central Prison park.

Captain C. S. Wilkie arrived in Halifax by the Empress of Ireland last week.

Mr. John Kidner announces the engagement of his daughter, Mabel, to Mr. Archibald Varley Cousins, of Detroit. The wedding will take place in the early spring.

The new speaker is a fine figure of a man, and fills the chair with the same impressive dignity as his late lamented predecessor, of whom many thought with kindness and regretful memory on Wednesday. Mrs. Crawford was a splendid hostess, with a quiet composure and good will which pleased everybody.

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Books and Authors

Notes Regarding Recent and Forthcoming Publications of Interest to Canadian Readers, and Gossip Concerning Literary People.

FROM Edmonton comes a very interesting little volume entitled: "The Woman in the West," written by Gertrude Balmer Watt, and published by the News Publishing Company of that city. Mrs. Watt is a staff contributor to Edmonton's bright weekly paper, The Saturday News, conducting a department called "The Mirror," under the pseudonym of "Peggy." Her weekly articles have been so popular in the West that she has been induced to collect certain of her sketches and observations for publication in book form, hoping that they will "serve a useful purpose in giving those in other parts of the globe a glimpse of the Canadian West, as viewed from a woman's standpoint."

A great deal has lately been written about the West, for it is a topic of interest all over the world. But there are few women journalists as yet in that country, and consequently the impressions of Mrs. Watt have a unique interest and value. She writes "as one having authority," because she is part of the life she describes. The writer is enthusiastic both as regards the life and the country itself. She says:

"If I were asked to define my impressions of the Canadian West I would lay great stress on the heroic element that seems to have entered into it from every source. You find it in its enormous proportions, in its people, and in the magnificent railroads that pierce its fastnesses. Talk about a railroad dispelling the romance from the landscape! If it does, which I am not prepared to allow, it brings the heroic element in. How many settlers looking out and seeing the steady, unflinching light, and hearing the roar of an advancing train, have felt comforted, and been made stout of heart, knowing that through its medium they are made once more a part of the great busy world they have left, and that in the belching steam from the huge engine lies their hope of future prosperity."

Mrs. Watt's volume is illustrated with typical western scenes and types, and is attractive in form as well as interesting in its contents.

Volume II. of "University of Toronto Studies; History and Economics" has been published by the librarian of the University. It deals with municipal government in Canada, and contains a great deal of interesting and valuable information on this subject. The articles are contributed by men who are at once capable writers and interested students of local government. The editor, S. Morley Wickett, B.A., Ph.D., at one time lecturer in political economy at the University of Toronto, says:

"From the material presented two or three outstanding features will be remarked. In the first place it will be noticed that municipally Canada falls roughly into three divisions, (1) the Maritime Provinces, (2) Quebec, and (3) Ontario and the West. But the large number of amending Acts passed each year is gradually bringing about growing similarity in municipal law and organization, Ontario serving most frequently as model. It will be noticed further that the municipal system is neither English nor American, but like the first general municipal Act of Ontario, a combination of both with modifications suited to local conditions. Not sufficient time has elapsed, nor have the requirements been severe enough to develop as yet a distinct Canadian type."

It is rather strange (though we have never, we believe, seen attention called to it) that the Canadian career of Thomas D'Arcy McGee had come and gone during the absence from Canada of Sir Francis Hincks. The consequence is that two of the most conspicuous Irish figures that adorn the pages of our history, may be said, though contemporaries, to have been strangers to each other. Indeed, if the whole of McGee's life (of years few and short, like those of the patriarchs as they seemed to his brooding retrospect), were taken away from that of Hincks, it would still leave thirty-five years—an allotment that some of the world's greatest have come short of. Mr. Hincks was, indeed, a young man of eighteen when Mr. McGee saw, in Carlingford, the light that was so cruelly cut off from him forty-three years later. That age is full of romance. If one wishes to know what kind of an Irishman McGee was, the best source of knowledge is his History of Ireland. There one may discern the poet whose gift is not inconsistent with the spirit of research; the historian who, while loving his country and knowing how easily such love may be warped into prejudice or even bigotry, has schooled his heart against bitterness toward either Saxon or Protestant. And only those who knew Ireland can appreciate the difficulty of the task. In Ireland McGee had been one of the youngest of the poets of The Nation; one of the ablest of the circle of writers and agitators who gathered around Charles Gavan Duffy. In that movement (mistaken though it was in some respects), one principle was ever pre-dominant—the recognition of the equality of Catholic and Protestant patriotism. In the United States McGee was surrounded by men who professed a hatred of the English name and institutions which exceeded anything to which the gentle Davis, the humane Duffy had accustomed him. He was, besides, too open-minded to be carried away by sweeping condemnation of institutions to which (with all their faults) all the world was indebted, and the more he saw (as a journalist) of the true inwardness of the great republic, the more disposed he felt to give another trial to British institutions. At last, he abandoned the United States and, accepting the advice of some friends, made himself a home in Montreal.

Here is a glimpse of George Eliot in 1867 taken from a letter written by Mrs. Lehmann: "The Leweses are gone after two delightful, cosy days. I have got to know her as I never should have done in years in London, and I think she loves me—we are sworn friends. What a sweet, mild, womanly presence hers is—so sooth-ing, too, and elevating above all. It is impossible to be with that noble creature without feeling better. I have never known anyone like her—and then her modesty, her humility. A modesty, too, that never makes her or you awkward, as many modesties do."

Mr. Kipling's "Jungle Book," it is reported, is the most popular of all his works. Twenty-four editions have been published and the sales steadily continue.

Elsie—Bobby, when you grow up what kind of a wife are you going to marry? Bobby (promptly)—One that doesn't button up the back—Life.

Old Bridge Player—Do you lead from your longest suit? New Bridge Player—No, I lead from right—Passing Show.

accepted, but when at last it did appear, her fame was instantaneous. Mme. Grand is one of the best-read women of the day and has confessed her favorite authors to be Emerson and Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The Countess of Warwick says: "In my forthcoming book I intend to give a picture of society as I have known it. I shall be fair, not hypercritical, but I intend fearlessly to tell the truth."

The countess, so long a popular figure in society, and latterly a determined apostle of Socialism, is writing her memoirs for early publication. Still comparatively young, Lady Warwick can look back over an acquaintanceship during twenty years with practically every person prominent in British life. Possessing a striking personality, witty and eloquent, she was as great a favorite in society circles as she is now with the Socialists whose cause she has espoused, and no one could be better equipped than she to throw sidelights on life in society during the past two decades, having lived in the inside of society and court circles.

"I am entirely adrift from my old existence," she said recently, "and I can look at things in a cold, clear light from outside."

From "The Bookman's" interesting column of literary gossip in the Winnipeg Free Press we quote this timely and discerning paragraph: Ouida's death in Rome and the report of her dire poverty arouses curiosity as to what became of the royalties accruing from her long list of sensational novels. She would need to have been a prodigal indeed to have eaten up what must have been enormous receipts. Her books are not out of print yet. Who gets paid for the numbers still sold? He is a wise author who, in the flush of huge circulations, soberly secures his money for the evil day that comes to all. Ouida might have spent her last days in luxury. I never read but two of her books, "Two Little Wooden Shoes," and "Moths," the last named, an alarming tale, calculated to impress the unwary with the fact that the great world of fashion and so-called nobility is an iniquitous place. Nevertheless, Ouida's novels, I believe, are no worse but much cleaner than some books of to-day thrust down the throat of an unsuspecting public—and that by the publishers' reviewers. There is no excuse for so much as a page of unclear writing, even in books that deal with sin. And when I say that, I have a mighty army of critics and readers behind me.

Mrs. Stannard ("John Strange Winter") sought change of occupation as a relief from novel-writing and accepted a position as adjudicator in the "Limerick contest" of a popular English paper, but found the labor of choosing prize efforts from among thousands of mediocre productions simply appalling.

All Germany is mourning the death of a great humorist and artist, Wilhelm Busch, who died in the first week of the new year, aged seventy-five. For nearly fifty years he had given joy to the youth of Germany. It would be hard to find a home in that country where there is any education whatever, in which the children have not revelled in "Max and Moritz" and "Hans Huckebein." Jack the Giant-Killer is no more a classic for English-speaking children than are these two books for German. Busch was for many years one of the chief contributors to *Flegende Blatter*, indeed, his earliest pictures, in 1859, laid the foundations of prosperity for that famous humorous publication.

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William Sauter

Leading man with the English Stock Company, which begins a six-weeks engagement at the Royal Alexandra Theatre next Monday. The picture shows Mr. Sauter in the role of "Clive," in "Colonel Newcombe," which he played with R. S. Willard's company.

Thomas D'Arcy McGee

Some New Light on the Character of This Gifted Irishman, His Canadian Career, and His Canadian Patriotism.

D. MORGAN, of Ottawa, the editor of Canadian Men and Women of the Time, pays the following eloquent tribute to Thomas D'Arcy McGee, in his "Irishmen in Canada," which appeared in a recent number of the Montreal Herald:

It is rather strange (though we have never, we believe, seen attention called to it) that the Canadian career of Thomas D'Arcy McGee had come and gone during the absence from Canada of Sir Francis Hincks. The consequence is that two of the most conspicuous Irish figures that adorn the pages of our history, may be said, though contemporaries, to have been strangers to each other. Indeed, if the whole of McGee's life (of years few and short, like those of the patriarchs as they seemed to his brooding retrospect), were taken away from that of Hincks, it would still leave thirty-five years—an allotment that some of the world's greatest have come short of. Mr. Hincks was, indeed, a young man of eighteen when Mr. McGee saw, in Carlingford, the light that was so cruelly cut off from him forty-three years later. That age is full of romance. If one wishes to know what kind of an Irishman McGee was, the best source of knowledge is his History of Ireland. There one may discern the poet whose gift is not inconsistent with the spirit of research; the historian who, while loving his country and knowing how easily such love may be warped into prejudice or even bigotry, has schooled his heart against bitterness toward either Saxon or Protestant. And only those who knew Ireland can appreciate the difficulty of the task. In Ireland McGee had been one of the youngest of the poets of The Nation; one of the ablest of the circle of writers and agitators who gathered around Charles Gavan Duffy. In that movement (mistaken though it was in some respects), one principle was ever pre-dominant—the recognition of the equality of Catholic and Protestant patriotism. In the United States McGee was surrounded by men who professed a hatred of the English name and institutions which exceeded anything to which the gentle Davis, the humane Duffy had accustomed him. He was, besides, too open-minded to be carried away by sweeping condemnation of institutions to which (with all their faults) all the world was indebted, and the more he saw (as a journalist) of the true inwardness of the great republic, the more disposed he felt to give another trial to British institutions. At last, he abandoned the United States and, accepting the advice of some friends, made himself a home in Montreal.

Perhaps nothing that exists so fully illustrates the patriotic character of the man and the extent of his devotion to the interests of his adopted country, than the following letter, addressed to Father Hendrichen, of Waterbury, Conn., who, after Ridgeway, had asked him to befriend a Fenian prisoner in the hands of the Canadian authorities. The letter has a merit which is all its own, and well deserves the widest circulation, even at this late day:

Ottawa, June 14, 1866.

Dear Father Hendrichen:

"I am in receipt of your request that I use my influence to save Terence McDonald, now a Fenian prisoner in our hands. There are few things you could ask me to do which I would not do for Auld Lang Syne, but my dear old friend, the thing you ask I cannot do. Terence McDonald, like the rest of his comrades, left his home (if he had any), his honest employment (if he followed one) to come several hundred miles to murder our

border people (for this Fenian filibustering was murder, not war). What had Canada or Canadians done to deserve such assaults? What had the widow of our brave McEachren done to Terence McDonald that he and his comrades should leave her with five fatherless little ones? What had our gallant countryman, Ensign Fahy, done to them that he should be crippled for life? What did our eight young comrades—the darlings of mothers, sisters and wives—the flower of our college corps—do to deserve their bloody fate at Ridgeway? The person for whom you ask my interference was one of those who sought our people out on our soil, and maimed and slew as many as they could, and those who sent them here exult in the exploit. They must, therefore, take the consequences of their own act.

"I need hardly say to you, who have been in Canada and who know how free, how orderly, how religious this people are, that no spirit of vengeance will direct the trial of the accused. McDonald and all the Fenians will have every justice done them—publicly, in the broad light of day to but whatever punishment the law hands him over, no word of mine can ever be spoken in mitigation; not even under those circumstances, if he were my own brother. I grieve I must deny you, but so it is."

Military Ball at Cobourg

ON Friday last the "At Home" and dance given by Lieut.-Colonel Floyd and officers of the 40th Regiment, at the Cobourg armories, was the most brilliant social event of the season in the Midland. At 7 o'clock, after holding their annual meeting, the officers of the regiment dined together in the mess room, where a very delectable dinner was served. The regiment on this occasion was honored by the presence of Col. W. D. Gordon, O.C., Eastern Ontario Command, and Lt.-Colonel T. D. R. Hemming, D.S.O., Kingston, who are exceedingly popular with the officers of No. 3 military district.

At 9 o'clock all the quarters were thrown open for a reception to the invited guests of the regiment, about two hundred arriving in due course.

The arrangements for this smart affair were perfect. The spacious rooms cosily furnished and prettily decorated with flags, flowers and colored lights, presented a *mise en scène* of dazzling beauty. Sitting-out corners were concealed behind clumps of potted palms and ferns, while the tables were banked with blooming azaleas and primroses.

Col. Floyd, Miss Floyd and the staff and ladies of the regiment, received the guests in the large recreation room, which was set apart for dancing. The floor was perfect, also the music, which was furnished by Scrogs' orchestra.

The honor set was made up as follows: Lt.-Colonel Floyd and Mrs. E. Campbell, Colonel Gordon and Miss Floyd, Lt.-Colonel Hemming and Mrs. G. E. R. Wilson, Major Snelgrove and Mrs. J. W. Odell, Capt. Macnachtan and Miss Holland, Major Odell and Mrs. J. E. Skidmore, Capt. Campbell and Mrs. E. A. Macnachtan, Capt. Wilson and Mrs. R. E. Birdsell.

Among the well known people present were noticed: Major and Mrs. Birdsall, Major W. H. Russell, Major H. J. Snelgrove and Miss Snelgrove, Capt. W. D. Boggs, Capt. and Mrs. G. E. R. Wilson, Capt. M. L. Butler, Capt. Robson, Major Hagerman, Capt. and Miss Smith, Capt. and Mrs. H. A. Bolster, Capt. Beattie, Capt. McCullough, Major McCaughey, Mrs. and Miss Crossen, Mr. and Mrs. Holland; the Misses Boggs, Mr. and Miss Hewson, Mrs. and Miss Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Skidmore, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Hopper, Dr. J. R. Irwin, Mr. and the Misses Guion, Major J. W. Odell and officers Cobourg Company Garrison Artillery, the Misses Forbes, Mrs. and Miss Haskell, Mr. W. H. A. Semple, Dr. G. H. Field, Miss Clara Field, Capt. and Mrs. E. A. Macnachtan, Capt. and Mrs. E. Campbell, Misses Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Hawley, Miss Jessie Campbell, Miss Whitelaw, Mr. and Mrs. A. Pratt, Mr. Harold Macdougall, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Roberts, Mr. C. A. Munson (Mayor of Cobourg), Mr. F. M. Field, K.C., Misses McCullum, Capt. and Mrs. Chas. McCallum, Lieut. and Mrs. R. J. Craig, Signor and Madame de Diaz Albertini, Dr. and Mrs. Hickey, Dr. and Mrs. Latta, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. O'Neill, Dr. Ferris, Capt. and Mrs. Forrest, Dr. and Mrs. Purdy, Mr. T. S. Chatterton, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Sutherland, Lieut. and Mrs. H. W. Dudley, Sheriff Proctor, and many others.

Perhaps nothing that exists so fully illustrates the patriotic character of the man and the extent of his devotion to the interests of his adopted country, than the following letter, addressed to Father Hendrichen:

"I am in receipt of your request that I use my influence to save Terence McDonald, now a Fenian prisoner in our hands. There are few things you could ask me to do which I would not do for Auld Lang Syne, but my dear old friend, the thing you ask I cannot do. Terence McDonald, like the rest of his comrades, left his home (if he had any), his honest employment (if he followed one) to come several hundred miles to murder our

The Colonel's Dilemma

By ALYS HALLARD

THE sergeant-majors, standing at ease were awaiting the arrival of the Colonel. No one ventured to breathe a word, for everyone was sure that a storm was brewing. The great chief's orderly had been sent to prison the evening before, and no one knew why.

As it happened, the Colonel did not arrive until quarter past nine, and with them with the most perfect deliberation he just dictated this one line: "Nothing fresh — comma — no music — full stop." And then he added, "Disperse!"

The astonishment was so great that it degenerated into terror.

The case was certainly serious, since the Colonel was so fearfully calm. Every man moved away silently, not daring to look round lest he should be accused of complicity.

Captain Toulourot, the bravest of brave soldiers, alone remained. He stood perfectly still, not daring to turn his head or move a finger, while the Colonel was signing some papers.

"My orderly has put me into a confoundedly awkward position, Captain," suddenly remarked the great chief.

"Yes, indeed, Colonel."

"What! you know about it?"

"Oh, no!" said Toulourot, terrified lest he should be mistaken for an accomplice of Loumy's.

"Well, just think—the wretch—He is still in prison, is he not?" broke off the Colonel.

"Yes, and safely locked in, too. He is, of course, quite alone, and his papers are ready for the court-martial —."

"The court-martial! Good heavens, Captain, you are going ahead."

"But, Colonel, I thought that for anything so serious there was nothing for it but a court-martial—."

"Ah! What crime do you think he is guilty of?"

"Well, some say of high treason."

"What treason?"

"They say he has given over to Germany certain secret plans of attack."

"Secret plans. How could he get hold of such things—Loumy?" And the Colonel laughed heartily.

"I do not understand, then, at all, Colonel," remarked Toulourot, perplexed.

"Well, I had the idiot shut up in order to give him time to exercise his brains a little. You shall judge for yourself, Captain, the dilemma I am in."

"Yesterday I said to Loumy, 'I am not well to-night; go round to Madame Viron's, where I was to dine, and say I regret very much that I am not able to go out, and cannot therefore avail myself of her kind invitation. And then, as it is six o'clock, bring my dinner with you on your way back.'

"As soon as he returned, he laid my table and served my dinner. The soup was good, there was salmon, pheasant, and one or two other dishes."

"Why, Loumy," I said, "they must be feasting at mess to-night."

"Oh, you have not had all yet,"

"Colonel," he said; "there is some fine champagne now, and the lady, she said, 'The Colonel must be sure to drink my health.'"

"An awful thought flashed across me."

"Where did

SPORTING COMMENT

GONSIDERING the disabilities under which it labors, it is doubtful if there is another game in the wide world that displays the vitality that hockey does. Restricted as it is to three months at the most out of the twelve and played times without number under most discouraging conditions, it is surprising the hold this game has on both players and public, and now in pride of place it disputes with lacrosse the distinction of being Canada's national game. Fortunately we have outgrown any little touchiness we displayed at the time of the "Our Lady of the Snows" episode, and are not averse to having a winter sport stand forth as the symbol of our strenuous national character. Any lingering doubt that the foreign mind may possess that the bewildering speed of hockey is merely a means to keep the players from freezing to death is set at rest by the fierce and tireless energy with which many of these same players will cavort around a lacrosse field in the tropic heat of an August afternoon and still have enough steam left for an occasional argument a la Marquis of Queensbury on the sides.

Harking back to the disabilities aforesaid the mind immediately conjures up the word "rinks." In truth it must be stated that the average Ontario rink is a crime, a crime that in some centres admits of no palliation. We in Toronto are not in a position to throw stones at most other places (worse luck), but this does not debar us from a feeling of deep admiration for those enthusiastic souls who indulge their love of the game in cigar-box rinks that are as dark as Erebus everywhere except in front of the nets. In these primitive spots the players and spectators stand an even chance of receiving the puck in the eye if the play is at all erratic, and anyone who has witnessed a match under these circumstances can testify that the ever-present possibility of such a contingency gives a zest to the contest that we in the better illuminated districts can never feel.

This sport undoubtedly owes a great deal of its present virility to the intelligent interest taken in it by the spectators. Once it graduates from the status of shinny on the creek an audience becomes a necessity, even if it consists of only the cover-point's best girl, the referee's kid brother, and a dog. The stimulus to mighty deeds is there and the applause accorded a pretty play is a balm for many a smash across the instep.

The support afforded by the public is a great tribute to the drawing powers of this king of games. To sit on a hard bench in a temperature that would curl the blood of a Polar bear is not a bit more inviting than it sounds. Add to this the smoke from hundreds of cigars, the manufacturers of which must have a grudge of some sort against the public, and you have a picture of what the hockey fanatic has to endure in order to witness his favorite sport. Luckily the most of us are endowed with good circulations and the excitement of the game helps us to forget our cold-storage surroundings.

Up to date there has been no sign of waning popularity among players or public. From the red-nosed kid, who bats a sardine tin around the pond in the pasture lot, to the topnotcher who is in demand from Winnipeg to Montreal and back again the enthusiasm is greater than ever, and as the popular stars of the present cease to scintillate and become "has-beens," there are always hundreds back in the ranks eager to fill their places. It is the game symbolic of sturdy, impetuous Canadian youth. Here's hoping it never meets with any misfortune that would for an instant shake it in its proud position. So say we all.

HACKENSCHMIDT is coming to America. From his name one would surmise brewery affiliations or at least sausage-makers' supplies, but the facts are far from such. He is a "wrassler" and claims Russia as his fatherland. For some years past he has dominated his chosen profession. All nationalities looked alike to him, English, French, Germans and Terrible Turks, and none of them possessing backbones of cast steel, he has sent them back to their native towns badly crumpled, both in person and pocket. Now he is on the trail of Frank Gotch, who is the real "big noise" among American mat artists. Gotch has meted out the

same drastic treatment to his worthy but inferior confreres that Hackenschmidt applied to his opponents, and if these two ever come to terms (which is problematical) there will be something worth while for lovers of the wrestling game.

Gotch will have the advantage in weight, but the Russian is lightning fast, and doesn't know what it is to feel his shoulders on the mat. It should be a royal battle, but it looks from the distance like a long, rough trip for Mr. Gotch.

THE indoor athletic meet held by the Royal Canadian Bicycle Club at Riverdale Roller Rink on Monday evening was quite a success, although much criticism has been handed out to the handicappers. While it is true that some of the participants seemed to have drawn short straws in the matter of starts, it was hardly good sportsmanship on the part of several of the scratch men to disappoint the audience by refusing to start.

The handicapping game is still in its infancy in Toronto and expert handicappers have not been uncovered as yet, but, judging by the wail arising from the athletic camps this week, no man living could have satisfied the athletes entered in Monday's meet.

There was too much of the "want a sure thing" feeling shown, the "I want to be first or I won't play" spirit, and it is not productive of successful meets for the athletes to take any such stand. The men who have been annexing the first places all summer and who don't want to get out and work for their prizes when they go up against the handicap game are injuring both themselves and the public, and as the public can show their displeasure with such actions it were well to remind the athletes that no patronage, no meet; no meet, no prizes.

The Royal Canadians certainly strove to please the public, and no doubt did the best possible handicapping with the records available.

The boys who did start, and there were plenty of them, too, furnished some good finishes, and the audience seemed well enough pleased to see new faces lined up when the prizes were handed out.

The opening event, the half-mile novice, went to McCutcheon, West

End Y. M. C. A., with Crawford, of the Central Y, who set most of the pace, a good second, and Andrews, Royal Canadians, third.

It was the general opinion of the wise ones that 6 yards was too much to give any man in a fifty yard dash, and Bobby Kerr found that it certainly was, although the little Hamilton just failed to qualify by a whisker after a bad start. Barber, of the Centrals, from the four yard mark, won in this event, with Kyle, West End, (5 yds.) second, and Sebert, Varsity (1 yd.), third. From a spectator's point of view the 50 yard dash is simply the report of the pistol at one end, the slam of the men against the bumper at the other end, and the megaphone announcement of the winners. The men flash by too quickly to tell them apart.

Arthur Scholes annexed the one mile boy's race as per usual, N. Diamond, a comer, second, and Scholes' rival of the summer games, John Watson, third.

The mile walk was decidedly interesting, although the audience was disappointed at the absence of "Chuck" Skene, who was scheduled to start from scratch. Jewell, W. E., with 50 yards, beat out Anderson, R. C. B. C. and Beattie, Central, but had to go some to do it.

George Barber, from scratch, in the high jump made a determined effort to get over the bar at 6 feet, failed and had to be contented with a jump of 5 ft. 9 3-4 in. and second prize. R. Frank, Varsity, with a 6 in. handicap, took first after clearing 5 ft. 4 in.

The one-mile handicap brought out some new men and Schofield, of the Central Y, with a help of 100 yards, just lasted long enough to hit the tape in front of Lister, Centrals. This was one of the best finishes of the night.

In the one-third mile A. M. Knox, Centrals, from the 15-yard mark, made a great run on the bell-lap and

passed Discher and Hitchen in the last ten yards.

The four-mile invitation was the feature of the night, bringing together Percy Sellen, Irish-Canadians; Fred Young, Royal Canadians, and Alf. Sellers and Harry Lawson, of the West End. Sellen was always the best, although Freddy Young spurted for a half-lap lead in the first mile and Sellers tried to take the pace a couple of times. Freddy soon came back and it developed into a struggle between Sellen and Sellers, with the little Irish Canadian outgaming the West Ender on the final lap. Lawson was one lap behind and Young two.

The two-mile medley relay went to the Central team, West End second, Varsity third, Royal Canadians fourth. This race brought out some of the best runners of the meet and should become a fixture on the athletic program. Sebert, Varsity, had a good lead at the finish of the 220, which Halbaus increased in the 440. Knox, Centrals, wiped out Varsity's lead and gained enough in the half-mile to send Harry Smith away a half-lap ahead of Jack Tait, West End, for the mile. Tait tried hard to cut down the Central's lead, but Smith showed that he could run some, and maintained the advantage to the finish. The medley teams were:

Central-Barber, 220: Crawford,

440: Knox, half-mile: Smith, mile.

West End-Kyle, 220: McCutcheon,

440: Parkes, half-mile: Tait, mile.

Varsity-Sebert, 220: Halbaus,

440: Adams, half-mile: Woodley, mile.

Royal Canadians-Rogers, 220: Hitchens, 440: Andrew, half-mile: Black, mile.

Central Y. M. C. A. scored the largest number of points, West End, second, Varsity third.

A TALE is told in an English fox-hunter who ruefully inspected his idle stud one morning when the country was frost-bound. To him came his stud-groom in a great state of importance and excitement. "Sir," he exclaimed, "I knew this was coming; it's a fact—I dreamt of it, and," he concluded impressively, "it's coming harder, sir, for I dreamt it lasted six weeks!" His master stared at him aghast, then remarked, "Well, if you don't dream a thaw before Saturday night, I'll sack you."

Editor of Saturday Night: Your criticism of the Y. M. C. A. Athletic League and several Young Men's Christian Associations leads me to believe that you have not been correctly informed as to the facts of the several cases mentioned in your article in the issue for February 1st.

You ask, "How much true sporting spirit is shown in the attitude of the two local associations in refusing to play basketball on each other's floor?"

West End has been willing all season, and is still willing to play the Central Y. M. C. A. team on any floor, and the Central Association has known this all along, yet for reasons that may not prove her any less a lover of "true sport" has refused to play.

In regard to the Hamilton captain being obliged to write to the newspapers in order that his team might not suffer by a comparison with the West End team, I would say: The report of the Hamilton-West End game in Hamilton was twisted by the manager of the Hamilton team, I suppose out of the kindest spirit, so that West End would not suffer by the comparison and also so that West End would not cease to be a drawing card in Hamilton. That this was done is to be deplored, but I wish it fully understood that West End's press agent did not write the twisted report, nor was he in favor of letting it go after it had been published, yet you should be well enough informed to know that it is no easy matter to get a newspaper to correct a statement made in good faith, also that the standard of ethics governing a meet booster and those governing an editor are very different and that the press man should not be charged with the misdeeds of the other.

West End has not found it necessary to pad her reports in regard to athletics, as a review of the athletic records will show you, and she does not intend to keep herself on top by false representation, nor has she tried to do this.

The score in Hamilton when West End played in that city, was 60 to 20

in favor of Hamilton, and one week later the West End team lost to Hamilton by the score of 38 to 49, yet the latter game was fast enough to satisfy the most critical rooter.

In regard to Longboat-C. A. A. L. C. A. A. U. If you were to study a copy of the rules governing athletics—individuals and leagues—you would find that the association that you criticize had the law back of it in all of its actions in regard to Longboat, and that the C. A. A. U., whom you claim stepped in and did such wise work, broke all of their own laws, and

nothing behind them but sentiment and a most glowing fear of public opinion.

That is they feared what the people might say if their popular athletic idol were disciplined.

I think you will agree with me, however, that the administration of law must not be governed or influenced by either sentiment or fear for the loss of popularity, and that the quality of the athlete should make no difference in the punishment.

I have no desire to open up the Longboat matter again, but assure

you that the association has nothing to fear from any disclosures and that we will be glad to help the public to get close to the truth."

Sincerely yours,
The West End "Press Agent."

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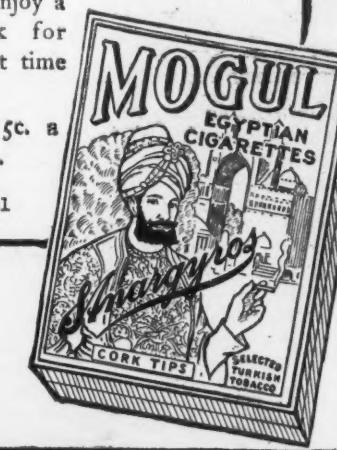
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S. ANARGYROS. 481



DEWAR'S



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THE SCARECROW

By VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD

THE painter crossed the field breaking a path through wild carrot and clover, thick, dew-wet and rose-tinged by the rising sun. He settled himself on his camp-stool with his back to a mass of blackberry vines, where a snake-fence divided field from road, and took his palette and brush from the ground, where they had been flung apparently in a hurry. A rough and rocky road it was which wound at the painter's back sharply uphill and down again, reaching along a short, dense stretch of woods, thence past the clover-field which was the hill-top, and perilously down a stony steep to a little run which dashed into a ravine below, with the frolicksome abandon of Nature's babyhood.

The painter proceeded to sketch in a soft line of horizon far before him, against which leaned russet stacks of corn, each in its human posture stooping like the wraith of a Redskin who had stolen out of the woods to reap where perchance he once had sown. These were at the edge of Daddy Mudge's field and orchard, guarded by the figure of dilapidated scarecrow, propped against the tallest corn-stack. Heavy footstamps sounded coming up the hill at the painter's back, and the figure of a man reached the summit past the woods, and paused. The painter's lazy blue eyes swept from the horizon line back to his canvas, and he painted, apparently oblivious that the man had drawn near and was leaning upon the fence looking curiously over the painter's shoulder.

"I might ha' known you'd be the first one up around these parts, Mr. Carr," he remarked.

"I recognize the gentle tones of Mr. Blogg," said the painter, without turning his head. "All hail, High Sheriff of Pocomicah County!"

"That's me all right," said the sheriff, pushing his broad-brimmed hat back from his rubicund face, "an' that's why I ain't been to bed since this time yesterday an' won't get that this time to-morrow, lest I bring down what I'm huntin'. Then, it'll pay me, you bet!"

The painter squeezed some cobalt on his palette, and then spoke deliberately.

"The game laws are out, but why is my friend, the Sheriff of Pocomicah, hunting alone and unprotected by his usual retinue? Where is the doughty Hawk Collins, and where, oh, where, is Hughey Culp?"

"Gone to git breakfast. Somebody had ter stay up here," said the sheriff, stooping for a sprig of sorrel.

"And where is my moth-eaten and resigned intimate, Beans?"

"Huh! Beans knows too much, ef he is a dog, to git outta his bed this time o' day!"

"And finally, what uneasy qualm of conscience incites the Sheriff of Pocomicah to hunt at five a.m.?"

"Look a-here! you painter people don't know a thing, do you?" said the sheriff, in evident enjoyment of the anticipated chaffing.

"We painter people know everything," returned the artist, with a sweep of the brush which implied omniscience and an ownership of the universe. "Everything! Even that the Sheriff of Pocomicah is out on a more important errand than to hear the little birds awaken each in its downy nest."

"Wish I was that," said the sheriff; as he drew a pistol from his hip-pocket and balanced it on the fence while he examined it in leisurely fashion; "but bein' up early just now is worth fifty dollars to me mebby, sir."

"I should go hunting at five a.m. daily," said the painter. "even if I brought down nothing more animated than Daddy Mudge's old scarecrow—which I proceed to paint."

The sheriff laughed wheezily, as if the inner sounds ran the gamut of sundry rolls of flesh before they reached his vocal tubes. He pushed his hat further from his round face and leaned curiously at the fence now, peering curiously at the painter's rapid strokes, with the tolerant contemplation which the complacent ox bestows upon the unutilitarian butterfly.

"Reckon you would, sir, reckon you would! But I ain't huntin' usual game an' tain't the season fur jack-rabbits, nuther. Fifty dollars is fifty dollars, too. Say, sir, I'll bet that that fifty, ef I git it, agin the pictur you're paintin' that you can't guess what I'm out sightin' this side o' them woods yonder fur," with a gesture toward the dark brush of woodland to the left of the field, "an' I bet it'll be the first time ye ever got fifty dollars fur the pictur of a gol-darned scarecrow!"

"The very first," said the painter gravely. "I think you're out hunting a poem upon Love's Rising Sun, to

dictate to Miss Posy Robbins, of Yarrow Farm."

The sheriff slapped his trousers leg delightedly and the chuckles broke into a roar.

"Not on your life, sir! But Miss Posy's a beauty now, ain't she?"

"Then, Mr. Blogg"—the painter looked around the field before them, as if in search of the coin of thought to cast upon the imagination's roulette wheel, and pointed with his brush to the scarecrow, behind the distant stack—"then I'll wager Daddy Mudge's scarecrow against your dog Beans that I can guess!"

"Done!" said the sheriff. "though I don't want to lose Beans; he ain't a fancy dog, but he's got good stayin' powers. You tell him to stay thar, an' thar he stays tell the earth cracks in with him."

"And I don't want to lose the scarecrow till I've finished with him as model," said the painter, "and I think too much of Beans to own him, therefore I straightway swap Beans for the scarecrow. You're after the young chap who shot young Curtain dead last night down at Upshur's Tavern."

The sheriff's chin dropped.

"Now don't you beat Buck!" he uttered. "How'd you know?"

"I told you I knew everything. The scarecrow is mine," said the painter contentedly.

"You kin have him an' welcome. He give me a turn when I come up the hill and seen him standin' thar. Hadn't seen a bigger tell I come upon him an' you. Mebby I better go and disturb him while I shake them stacks loose an' look in 'em. Only then feller hasn't had a chance ter git outer the woods. He's in that all right."

"You can't," said the painter easily. "I've had first go. I fixed my landscape and my scarecrow and the stacks and I won't have them upset. Besides, there's nothing in the stacks because I've been over there. Hands off!"

"All right—ef you've seen 'em," said the sheriff, resting his pistol on the fence rail. "I can't git away when we beat them woods after the boys come. Then—" he paused significantly.

"And then—" said the painter, balancing his brush.

"There ain't nothin' left fur that chap but a piece o' hemp. Hawk Sulp, he's sightin' the other side," said the sheriff significantly.

"Poor chap," said the painter; but he did not mean Hawk Culp.

"Naw, he ain't! What you sayin' that fur, Mr. Carr? It's pore Sam Curtain what he shot. Sam was a low-down drunkard all right, but this here college feller didn't have no right to come 'round here an' play cards with him and drink an' shoot him afterwards. Well, we'll git him all right. He'll do well to poke his head outer them woods before the place gets awake, 'cause I'd rather hustle him back ter Pocomicah jail then to hev a care of him afore I git that."

"Surely they wouldn't—" began the painter, his brush stopping abruptly.

"Sure they would, then. They'd stop him at the first big tree. Well, he'll git hungry and look out after a while."

"By the way, Mr. Blogg, you've had no breakfast," said the painter suddenly. He pointed with his brush down the steep road behind them, toward the ravine in the shadow. "You know where my shack is. Step down and get some coffee off the stove. There's ham and bread there, too—the coffee ought to be good about this time. I'll do your patrol for a few minutes. You can search the shack while you're there. You're bound to do that, aren't you?"

"Sure! grinned the sheriff. "Thar ain't nothin' else on that side. I'd do more'n that fur a cup o' your coffee about now. I reckon it'll be all right to step down yonder, 'cause you kin shout ef anybody shows out o' the woods, an' I'd be here afore he could git across the field."

"Undoubtedly" said the painter. "I'll shout if an owl hoots."

"They don't hoot in the day," chuckled the sheriff enjoyingly. "You better keep this here, sir." He held the pistol out, and the painter dropped it on the ground beside him.

"Gentlemen, how much am I bid for the Bible?"—New York Sun.

The sheriff was still chuckling as his heavy frame lurched down the steep road and disappeared at its turn below. It was a full minute before the painter rose and scanned the road behind him, then he vaulted quickly across the field to the corn-stacks against which the scarecrow leaned. He leaped upon the tallest stack.

"Drop!" he said peremptorily to the scarecrow, and the scarecrow fell in a shaking heap to the ground.

"Gosh!" it exclaimed, "if I'd kept

that position another minute I'd ha' dropped dead! What did you keep him talking for? Where shall I go? He'll come back, I tell you!"

It was the white, horrible panic of a soul brought to bay.

The painter looked down sternly into the ashen working face at his feet; the scared face of youth it was, masked by terror.

"You've just about a minute, my boy," he said, "and if you hadn't broken out of the woods while he was climbing the hill you wouldn't have that. The posse is coming up now. I never saw you before in my life, until you came down on me, and I may be all wrong. God knows why I want to help you! Do you hear me?"

—his hand suddenly caught the youth's arm sternly—"God knows, I don't! You're only a boy and you need a chance. Get up quick."

"Where—where?" panted the scarecrow, struggling to his feet. "Help me to get away from them! They'll kill me, don't you know they'll kill me?"

"Yes, they'll kill you if they get you," said the painter. "but there's no one up here yet except myself. Cut across the field while the sheriff's in my shack. It shelves along the ravine road. Lie low down there until you hear him come up here, then slip down to my shack and drink some coffee, and hide yourself there till I come."

"God bless you!" muttered the scarecrow.

"Well, just bear in mind that He's a jealous God, and prefers to do His own manslaughter," said the painter.

The scarecrow dashed suddenly across the field and disappeared over its crest. The painter drew a sigh of relief and settled his corn-stack. Three minutes later he sat calmly painting. Stroke after stroke the blossoming day grew flower-like and fine under his brush. The sheriff climbed the hill panting and wiping his round face upon his shirt-sleeve. Again he leaned on the fence behind the painter, and now lighted his pipe comfortably.

"That was prime coffee, sir," he said, "and I've taken the liberty o' searchin' the shack jest to say 'twas done. Now I reckon I'll be collectin' my fifty dollars from that there bunch o' trees over yonder. I hear the boys a-comin'!"

"And I'll go down and have some breakfast," said the painter, wiping his brushes. "Drop in some day, sheriff, and let me show you how I can cook a dinner."

"I'll do it, Mr. Carr. Hello!" he added suddenly, "where's your scarecrow gone to?"

"Pulled him down. He marred the landscape," said the painter.

"Well, I reckon you kin put him up again after a bit," said the sheriff: "anyhow, he was yourn all right!"

Voces and heavy footstamps sounded on the road. The posse was approaching and the raucous tones of Hawk Culp rose upward. The painter folded his camp-stool and gathered up his implements.

"Yes, he seemed to be mine, but the problem is what to do with a scarecrow after you've got him," he said.

—The Smart Set.

A Song of the Sea.

GIVE me a ship all staunch and trim,

With scuppers wide and high,
A pink smokestack and a windy track,

And a captain high and dry.

Give me the smell of the briny waves,

And a bunk by the galley door,

For I am the darndest sailor man

That ever scrubbed a floor.

Sing me a chantey and sing it loud.

The kind when we reef the gaff,

And we hear the wind from the course behind

In the gallant topsail laugh,

Open the hatch and get me an egg,

I'm hungry as I can be—

O there's nothing in life, a home, or wife,

That beats the rolling sea!

Give me the heave of the halyards high,

And the foam on her raking rail,

And the bun plum duff and the old man's guff.

And a pint in a battered pail.

Open the starboard portholes wide,

Abaft of the weather beam—

Curse the luck, how those stokers duck

Whenhever I want more steam!

Get out, you lubbers, you make me sick

With your tales of the briny deep;

Why, shiver my lamps, you're a gang of tramps,

And ought to be put to sleep.

You wouldn't know tar from a pint of rum,

But I to the very core

Am the darndest sailor that ever trod deck

Or scrubbed a galley floor.

—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The Book
Auctioneer's Story

HE had just sold a copy of Robert G. Ingersoll's lectures, forty-eight lectures bound in one volume, and now, turning to the shelves at his back, the auctioneer took down, as the book he would offer next, a copy of the Bible. But before inviting bids upon it he talked about it briefly.

This was a copy bound in flexible morocco, gilt edged over red, and it contained a concordance. And then for a moment he spoke of the Bible itself, telling what the Old Testament contained and what the New, and how for ages it had been the guide and comforter of millions. There were some who picked flaws in the Book, but even these trusted those who believed in it and followed its teachings. And then the auctioneer told a little story:

"A man," he said, "who was traveling in a remote and sparsely settled part of the country found himself overtaken by nightfall at an isolated farmhouse. It shelves along the ravine road. Lie low down there until you hear him come up here, then slip down to my shack and drink some coffee, and hide yourself there till I come."

"Se he went in, and the farmer and his wife gave him supper, and after a time he was ready to go to bed.

"And as a matter of fact the traveller was troubled in his mind, as he had been for that matter from the moment he saw the farmer. This was a remote and lonely spot, and the farmer was a tall, gaunt, silent man with a furrowed face, and he and his wife were all the people in the household. And as the traveller dwelt again upon how far away he was, and upon the gaunt, silent farmer, he recalled all the stories he had read of men who had been murdered and robbed in just such out of the way places, and as the time came for retiring his fears increased; and when the farmer showed him at last to his room the traveller was much troubled and he prepared for a sleepless and watchful night, and to defend himself the best he could if need be.

"He barricaded the door with all the movable furniture in the room for one precaution, and he didn't disrobe himself, for he wasn't going to bed; he was going to sit up all night and watch; and when he had made all his preparations he put out his light and sat down to keep guard for the night.

"His own light out, the traveller saw a little beam of light coming into his room through a crack in the wall on the side toward the room where he had left the farmer and his wife, and to be sure he pretty soon had his eye to that crack to see what they were doing, and there he saw them, the farmer sitting on one side and his wife on the other of the table, and both silent.

"But presently the traveller saw the old man get up and go to a shelf and take down a big book which he laid upon the table and opened. And then bending over the book the farmer read from it aloud a chapter from the Bible. And the reading finished he closed the book, and then the farmer and his wife knelt at their chairs and the stern faced man prayed.

"And then the traveller, his fears all gone, took down the barricade from the door and went to bed to sleep peacefully and refreshingly, for he knew that there or anywhere under the roof of those who believed in the Book and lived according to its precepts he was safe from all harm."

The auctioneer paused, and for a moment the room was still; and then the auctioneer spoke again, saying this time, as he held the book in his hand up into view:

"Gentlemen, how much am I bid for the Bible?"—New York Sun.

THE ANNUAL STATEMENT OF
THE NORTH AMERICAN
LIFE SHOWS GOOD
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The report for 1907 of the North American Life Assurance Company shows that the year's work from every standpoint has been highly satisfactory.

A saving in expenses of nearly \$27,000 was made over the previous year, while the cash income shows the satisfactory increase of \$68,553.6



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

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!?- POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE .?!

A City Person in the Country.

A PROMINENT theological professor, immediately after his college course in Toronto and a post graduate course in Germany, was minister of a rural congregation some thirty miles from Toronto. Professor Blank, though far from being a pedant, is a scholar, and having lived all his life in the city he did not understand the ways of the country. He had much scientific knowledge but little practical experience as a handy man. Consequently he afforded no small amusement to the hard-headed farmers who were his parishioners. They respected his learning in the pulpit but through the week they had many a quiet laugh on the side. Prof. Blank was "green" about horses. He had a beautiful driver, but he did not understand feeding her and she got thin. Neighboring farmers volunteered advice, which was gratefully accepted. One suggested sulphur condition powders, another linseed meal, another bran, another boiled feed. One said that the horse was overfed, another that it was starved. Prof. Blank was afraid of offending any of his gratuitous advisers, so he followed the counsels of them all, with disastrous results to the horse. At the village post-office it was the common query among the native Bills and Cys: "Wall, how's the preacher's pony? Not dead yet! Wall, I swan! Anybody else's nag would have been dead long ago."

The water dropping off the barn roof froze at the bottom of a sliding door, so that it would not open. Prof. Blank went out with his axe to remedy matters, but, instead of chopping away the ice, the most obvious expedient to any plain man, he chopped four inches off the bottom of the door. It took half a day to do it and it disfigured the door, but, immersed in German speculation as he toiled, he was oblivious to the humor of the situation. Five minutes' work would have removed the ice. When he left the parish all the farmers of the neighborhood came to see the door, and it is even yet one of the sights for visitors to inspect.

Probably the funniest thing of all was his method of oiling his buggy. As he drove to church one day a farmer heard ominous squeakings from the wheels, and asked him if he ever oiled his buggy. "Why, no, does it need oiling? What kind of oil should I use?" was the response. He was advised to use castor oil, so he bought a bottle and used it lavishly. In a few days he met the farmer again, and complained that his buggy still drew hard and squeaked, and that the more oil he put on the worse it became. The farmer inspected the carriage, and found that the oil had been poured around the hub, till it had ruined the paint upon the wheels. It had never occurred to the learned cleric to loosen the nuts and remove the wheels to lubricate the axles.

But Prof. Blank took no end of fun out of his parishioners as well. He is full of amusing stories about his experiences. One day he gave a ride to an English immigrant. Conversation lagged between them. Finally they came to a gateway and the hired man said:

"I'll get out 'ere. 'Ere's where I work."

Prof. Blank, endeavoring to be friendly, inquired: "How do you like your place?"

The other replied, "I'm quittin."

"Why, don't you like your employer?"

"Oh, it ain't 'im, it's 'er," was the rejoinder—an answer which reveals an essential part of the difficulty in the hired man problem.

On another occasion Prof. Blank had an old and some-

what illiterate Irishman doing some rough work for him. A slight difference of opinion arose as to the best way of doing a certain piece of work. The Irishman stuck stubbornly to his own idea. Prof. Blank argued for his way, saying:

"This is the accepted procedure."

"Eh!" said the Irishman, in surprise.

"It's the only *modus operandi*."

"What's that?" cried the laborer, aghast.

"It's the *sine qua non*."

"Mother of Mary!" ejaculated Pat, as he threw up his arms, retreated through the back door and made to the village tavern as fast as his stiffened legs could carry him. He arrived out of breath, and explained his haste to his cronies: "Faith, the preacher's taken to talkin' wid tongues."

* * *

A Neighbor's Chickens.

HON. W. J. HANNA, K.C., Provincial Secretary, is very original, and has *beaucoup d'esprit* (writes a correspondent). The following episode may be given in illustration: Early in May, 1904, the writer took possession of a cottage on the beautiful St. Clair river. A flower and a vegetable garden were made. Nature being propitious good results followed. Alas! *que les beaux jours sont courts*. Soon after I had a neighbor who kept chickens. Correctly speaking he did not keep them, but allowed them to wander where their fancy led, and they never were so much at home as when abroad. If they were not in the vegetable garden they were resting from their labor in my flower beds. The effect can better be imagined than described. I spoke to my neighbor of the damage they were doing, but all to no avail. When patience ceased to be a virtue I decided to go to Sarnia and consult Mr. Hanna. I found him at his office, very busy, but, assuring him it was not a breach of promise case, and that I would not detain him long, I received an immediate hearing, he casually remarking, "It would go hard with any man who would dare to trifle with your affections."

Probably my story was told in a Jeremiah sort of way. Mr. Hanna looked very grave and said, "It is a serious case—a breach of promise, isn't it?"

After giving me advice on the matter I asked what the fee would be. Looking as solemn as a judge, about to pronounce sentence on a prisoner, he replied:

"It is coming on fall. Those chickens must be in prime condition?"

I said they undoubtedly are.

"Well, catch a couple and send them to me for potpie."

The fee is not paid yet.

A Wild Man of the West.

THE story published in the Toronto papers of the "wild man" of Riverville Park, who causes the tobogganists in that resort to have fears and tremblings, makes apropos the citation of a story mentioned in the annual report to the Mounted Police Department by Superintendent Zach. Wood, in charge of the Yukon district. He tells the country that the Yukon possesses a "wild man," who imagines that he is a human megaphone and with whom the police can do nothing. Superintendent Wood reports this remarkable case in this succinct fashion:

"A party of two men was sent up the Stewart river in September to endeavor to capture a trapper and prospector named Robert G. Flett, who is alleged to have become insane. Flett, who roams about the country, was traced to the head of the McQuesten. There his cabin was found well built and well stocked with provisions. He, himself, was heard shouting and yelling close by, but on approach of our men he jumped into his boat and crossed the river. They could not follow, nor would he return. He threatened to shoot if anyone attempted to approach him. He is harmless if not molested, has plenty of food, well supplied with arms for hunting purposes, and has never been known to commit any act of violence. At times he is quite lucid and admits that he has been queer, but, as a rule, he has an idea that he can megaphone to all parts of the world, and goes about shouting and yelling. A patrol will visit him again this winter to see how he is getting on."

What a theme for a Kipling! A sturdy lunatic in a vast wilderness, living in plenty, joyously shouting to friends in remote parts of the world, and hearing in the echoes such answers as please him most. He is never alone. The forest shakes with the laughter and song of his friends.

She Sized up James L.

INSPECTOR JAMES L. HUGHES, who is now the president of the Canadian "Suffragettes", and is well known as a ladies' man, tells a little story about his recent visit to England, in which the joke is on himself.

In company with a colonial minister of the crown and a couple of other prominent visitors, Mr. Hughes went to Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace of Shakespeare, and, among the interesting sights they saw was the quaint hotel in the little town. The hotel is conducted by a rather clever woman, who showed her distinguished callers all through the ancient hostelry. They noted with surprise that every room bore the name of some one of the plays of Shakespeare. One could choose either "Twelfth Night" or "Much ado About Nothing", or any other of the several old dramas, according to one's taste.

Mr. Hughes was curious.

"Madam," he queried, "do you find that you can tell the favorite plays of your guests by their choice of rooms?"

"Quite frequently," she replied. "Now, for instance, if you were asking for a room, I think I would put you in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor'."

The laugh was on the Inspector. She had sized him up on short notice.

One of the Wiles of the Wicked.

MANY ingenious ways of defeating the prohibition regulations have been devised by thirsty individuals whose lot has been cast in a dry land. One of the most original schemes on record, however, comes from a small Alberta township.

The anti-liquor regulations were being enforced with all the rigor of the law in that particular town. The Desert of Sahara was not so dry. Consequently, when one day a large keg of whiskey was discharged on the platform of the station by a passing freight train, the curiosity of the two local constables was aroused. They scented a case and made immediate investigation. There was no name on the keg, so the constables sat themselves down in the shade of the freight shed and waited developments.

Nothing happened, however. No one called to get the whiskey. The freight clerk knew nothing about it. It sat solidly on the platform, a blot on the prohibition landscape.

The two constables waited until nightfall. Then one

of them went home, leaving the other to keep watch and ward during the night. The lone constable waited till morning, but nothing happened. Watch was changed. One constable went home to get his much-needed sleep, leaving the other in his coat of vantage, watching the keg with eagle eye. All day long he watched, but still nothing happened.

Evening came. "To-night, for sure," thought the constable. Watch was changed, but the keg remained unmolested all that night.

Next morning the constables held a consultation. They decided to remove the keg to one of their houses. Even though they could not arrest the offenders they could at least confiscate the contraband.

They approached the keg gingerly, for the brooding barrel had assumed a sinister appearance in their eyes. They took hold of it. It moved with wondrous ease. They lifted it up. It was empty.

Clean through the boards of the platform up through the bottom of the cask, was a neat augur hole. While they had waited and watched the barrel had been tapped from beneath the platform—the whiskey taken away and the keg left for them to look at.

* * *

And the Prince Launched.

IT is not often that a Government blue book contains any semblance of humor, but the report of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police is an exception. In its pages are often to be found little stories which throw new light upon the life of those grim-visaged men who preserve order over a country the size of an empire. One of this year's stories relates to the tour across Canada last summer of Prince Fushimi the Japanese envoy. It has previously been noted that His Highness all through his trip manifested the stolidity of his race and never allowed any expression of satisfaction or of disgust to pass over his face. But Superintendent R. B. Deane, of the R. N. W. M. P., stationed at Calgary, in his annual report, tells of an incident which shows that the imperial visitor was only an ordinary man after all.

It seems that during the stay of the party at Banff, some ceremonial trip had been set down on the programme, but that the Prince set the arrangement on one side and, instead, went out fishing in a boat with Corporal Townsend, of the Banff detachment. Now, Townsend is a noted disciple of Isaac Walton and is known through the district as the possessor of the best flies in all the mountains. He and the Prince were alone in the boat, the Prince clad in an old suit of clothes and evidently determined to have a good time. He showed much interest in Townsend's collection of flies and hooks and other incidentals, and displayed as much concern as to what his luck would be as the veriest amateur. What was his delight, therefore, when at the first cast of his line he drew in two fish on the one hook. His Highness laughed loud and long, and spent so long a time in the boat that his suite became anxious for his safety. When they were told of his manifestation of pleasure they said that it was the first and only time he had laughed since he landed at Quebec.

* * *

The Wrong Man.

DR. MORGAN, of Ottawa, the well-known biographer, cites the following story to illustrate how quickly the names of some of our most prominent public men fade away. Last autumn, while proceeding to North Bay, he took the night express at Scotia Junction. As both sleepers were full, he went into the first-class compartment. This, too, was full, principally with excursionists returning to New Liskeard from the Toronto Exhibition. With some difficulty he finally found himself sitting with a gentleman from Stratford, Ontario. The following conversation then ensued:

DR. M.—So you're from Stratford, eh! I suppose that you are acquainted with my friend, Mr. William Buckingham?

STRANGER—The president of the British Mortgage Company? Oh! yes, Mr. Buckingham is a gentleman very well known and highly respected in Stratford.

MR. M.—Mr. Buckingham has run a very eventful career. He was, as you doubtless may know, a protege of the Hon. George Brown, one of the Fathers of Confederation.

STRANGER—John Brown, you mean, don't you, sir—the man celebrated in song, whose body lies a-mouldering in the grave, but whose soul goes marching on. Well, well, who would have thought that he was one of the Fathers of Confederation! Truly, we live and learn!

* * *

When he got Excited.

AMONG the new batch of K.C.'s is a lawyer who has for years practised in a certain town in Western Ontario, and has had to wait long for the coveted silk. The practitioner in question is a self-made man, and in the early years of his life, before he acquired the qualifications necessary for a barrister, he fell into certain habits of speech to which in moments of excitement he is apt to recur. A few years ago he was examining a difficult witness, who deftly countered every attempt to elicit the information and gave evasive answers until the lawyer was in a thoroughly bad temper. Finally the latter, in going into the minutiae of the testimony, said to the witness, severely:

"You was walking down the street, was you?"

The witness smiled blandly.

"I were!" he said.

* * *

Messages from the Great Beyond.

SPECULATION as to spiritual life after death will ever be rife among thinking humanity, for formulas of spiritualism do not meet with nearly so much general discussion as they did in the latter half of the nineteenth century. Many grown men will recall that so-called "manifestations" were the subject of awesome debate among their parents. The work of the societies for psychical research has carried the question into planes beyond the reach of the ordinary person, and what was once regarded and practised as superstition is now a pseudo-science. Consequently the assertions of Sir Oliver Lodge as to communications from the late F. W. H. Myers find the average man without means for adequately testing the statements for himself. There is, or was, until he died a few years ago, a man in Canada who had

made a test satisfactory to himself at least which turned him from any belief in spiritual communications. He was a prominent lawyer of Hamilton, Ont., and forty years ago he and his young wife were ardent believers in the "revelations" of spiritualism. There was deep affection between the pair, and when the wife was stricken with a deadly malady the grief of the husband was but little mitigated by the belief that when the inevitable separation came she might yet communicate with him from the spirit land.

On her deathbed the promise was given that if, after death, she should be able to be near her husband in spirit and communicate with him by any means in her power, she would do so. The husband was not a man of ordinary mind to be hoaxered by mediums' tricks. He was a man of highly sensitized and intellectual personality which should have been receptive of psychic messages. For months and years he waited, but no message came from the dead. He at last made up his mind that ordinary manifestations believed in by spiritualists were nonsense, for he was positive in his belief that had the soul of his dead wife been able to reach across the chasm to that of the man she had loved on earth, it would have done so.

* * *

An Editorial for the Twelfth of July.

L AST week some references were made to the means used by old time newspaper publishers in Toronto to fill up their editorial pages which in those days were deemed very important. A good many years ago now the late Patrick Boyle having won some success with the Irish Canadian as a weekly, decided to issue a daily edition which would be on non-political lines. The Evening Canadian was the result, and a small staff of bright young newspaper men was engaged to get it out. The Twelfth of July happened along, and the editor in chief, Mr. Patrick Boyle, happened to be out of town. Owing to jovial associations, the glorious twelfth used to be more of a holiday in Toronto than it is now, and the staff went out and made merry. The old adage about what happened when the cat's away was fulfilled, and when the foreman wanted to send the editorial page away he found no set matter and no copy available. He went down stairs into the empty editorial room, and could find no one to undertake the task of furnishing an editorial. Then he went into Mr. Boyle's room and selected from one of the numerous exchanges an article that looked about the right length for the space to be filled. It was an article on "Prayers for the Dead," setting forth with great detail and staunch orthodoxy the Roman Catholic view on the subject. In view of the occasion the editorial published on the Twelfth of July caused a good deal of comment. Mr. Boyle returned next day and was down at the office bright and early. He summoned the foreman and asked:

"Was the staff drunk yesterday, John?"

The foreman declined to express an opinion.

"Where did that editorial come from?" he asked, and was told the circumstances.

"Well," laughed Mr. Boyle, "it was a fine article for the Twelfth of July, but after this, when you haven't an editorial, John, and can't get one, you'd better go to press without one."

* * *

Story of a Faithful Dog.

POLICE RELICS OF FORTY YEARS

BY
E.Y.
WATSON

IN Chief Grasett's office at police headquarters in Toronto, there is a cabinet full of curious relics, gathered in the course of forty years of police work in Toronto. It is the official police museum. Every object in it, at some time or other, has figured in the big headlines of the newspapers. Its beginning dates back to the 'Sixties,' when Captain Prince was Chief of Police, under the first constituted Board of Police Commissioners of the city of Toronto. Implements of crime in almost endless variety recall stories of many interesting cases in the history of the department. The stories connected with each individual object have become almost traditions among the men of the force. Some of them date back so many years that their memory has already failed.

A complete set of perhaps the most primitive safe-breaking tools in America is shown at the bottom of the illustration accompanying this article. Who was the first safe-cracker? is a question upon which records are silent. His methods went out of date many years ago. His heavy steel crow-bar and jimmy went to the scrap heap, when dynamite and nitro-glycerin were introduced. This set belonged to American crooks, who came to Toronto with the intention of breaking into the vaults of the J. E. Ellis jewelry store, which at that time was situated at the corner of King and Yonge streets, where the C.P.R. ticket offices are now located. It was then the finest store of its kind in the country. When the robbers discovered that every move they made was watched by detectives they left the town in hurry.

In a room of the old American Hotel, which stood on the present site of the Board of Trade building, the detectives found the outfit. The crooks had been using a common valise to carry it, and they departed in such haste that they did not have time to return to the hotel for it. One of the heavier pieces of the set was encased in a leather covering of its own, which had a strap handle. It looked something like a bat-bag, and might have been carried through the streets without arousing the least suspicion of its contents. The fugitives were never caught, and the detectives were never able to find out, with any degree of certainty, who they were. Their outfit looked so business-like that it was kept, and each separate piece in the set was plated with silver and mounted on velvet in the case.

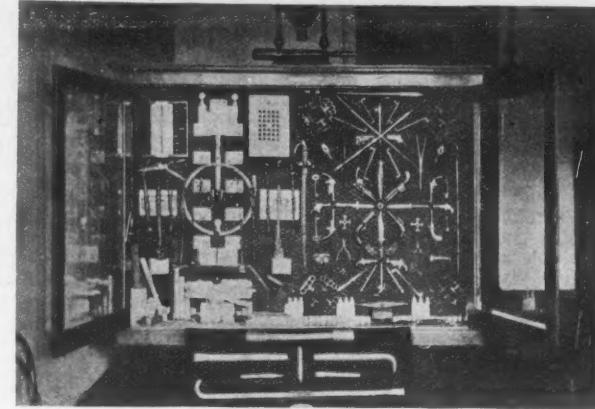
A heavy malacca cane, such as an elderly business man might carry, is apparently one of the least interesting objects in the cabinet. A dozen canes like it might be seen on King street any afternoon. It has an engraved silver head, and about two inches down on the handle there is a narrow silver ferrule. Depress this ferrule, and from the sidewalk end of the stick there flies out a hand of sharp-pointed steel-wire fingers, which will grasp firmly anything with which they come in contact. This cane was made for Horace Hovan and Walter Sheridan, two professional sneak thieves, and they intended to use it to steal packages of money from banks. In those days the teller's window was not protected by a cage, as it is now, and the aperture through which he passed out notes was much larger than it is now. While one of the sneak-thieves would direct the teller's attention to something behind him, the other would insert the trick cane and seize a bundle of notes with the sharp wire talons springing from the end of it.

The cane was being made to order for Sheridan, when the detectives heard about it. When it was nearly finished it was seized in the shop of the machinist who was making it, on Sheppard street. Sheridan was arrested on a charge of vagrancy, and the cane was confiscated. Rising to the occasion, Sheridan explained that he had ordered the stick for an old and infirm relative, who was afflicted with rheumatism. He was kept in jail for several weeks and was finally discharged. Both Sheridan and Hovan are catalogued in William A. Pinkerton's work on "Bank Sneak-Thieves," as two of the cleverest of the old-time criminals.

Counterfeit bank-notes, so cleverly executed as to defy comparison with the genuine Government product, are almost unknown, either in the United States or in Canada. The successful counterfeiter is usually a skilled engraver gone wrong. Infinite pains and care are required in the preparation of the plates from which bogus paper money is turned out. Even then the experienced bank-teller finds little difficulty in instantly detecting it. There is, however, in the collection at headquarters, a Dominion Government bill of the one-dollar denomination, which is such a perfect imitation that it is almost impossible to distinguish it from the original. It was made from a plate engraved by Stewart, the old Scotchman, who made his headquarters at the Raymond House, on Wilton avenue. A bank official, of twenty years' experience, who was allowed to examine one of these notes side by side with several genuine ones, failed to detect it. Even when he was requested to examine it with especial care, he hesitatingly declared it to be the real thing. But when it was handed to him for a still closer inspection he turned it over and what was his chagrin to find the reverse side a blank. On the morning he was to be sentenced old Stewart asked for his violin, that he might play the magistrate a tune which would get him off. He was sent to the penitentiary for four years.

Occupying a prominent place in the collection is an object which played a part in one of the most infernal crimes known in the history of the department. It is a double tin canister, about the size and shape of an old-fashioned ink-well. With its double chamber filled with vitriol this canister was hurled at Louis Sievert, a tobacconist on Yonge street, by George Cahan, alias Graham, shortly after eight o'clock one morning many years ago. The acid nearly blinded its victim. His face and neck were seared so severely that he suffered for months. He is still living in the city, and bears the marks of his terrible experience to this day. Cahan was arrested and sentenced to the Kingston penitentiary for life.

The police had him photographed, in order that in-



ALL SORTS AND KINDS OF DEVICES.

quiries might be made as to his past life and antecedents. As reciprocal relations between the police of Great Britain and Canada had not been thought of at that time, nothing of the prisoner's past career could be found out, other than that he had come to Canada from Scotland, and that prior to his coming to Toronto he had worked around Peterboro' for a time. By chance, an old gentleman, named Scarth, who kept a broker's office at the corner of Toronto and Court streets, happened to see the police photograph, and recognized it as an ex-convict in whom he had been interested before coming to Canada. At the time of his arrest Cahan had given his name as "George Graham".

With the information Mr. Scarth was able to give, together with that obtained from the police in Scotland, the prisoner was identified under his real name, and he admitted a long list of convictions for lesser offences most, was why Cahan should have chosen Sievert for the object of his attack. As far as could be ascertained, Sievert was altogether unknown to him, had never seen him or had anything to do with him before, and no definite motive for the act was ever found out. The tin-shop in which the canister had been made was located by the police, and there they learned that Cahan had ordered it himself, saying that he was a painter and wanted it to hold color. After having served a term of several years in the penitentiary, Cahan was pardoned and found his way back to England, where he lived only a short time until he was in jail again for forgery.

Many of the relics, and the stories connected with them, are beyond the recollection of the oldest residents. A pair of gentleman's duelling pistols and a carved sword, which once enjoyed the dignity of the field of honor, lie side by side with the common "knuckle-duster" which belonged to the pick-pocket arrested at the race-track. Revolvers, knives and bludgeons, ticketed with "Exhibit A," bring back famous murder trials in the old court house on Adelaide street. Skeleton keys and tools of slenderly fashioned steel—a toy cannon by which a boy was shot to death at the Island—marked cards and crooked gambling devices—all have histories over which so many years have passed that they have ceased even to be memories.

De Man in de Moon.

I WONDER who dat man is,
Dat's up dere in de moon,
Sometam I tink I hear heem sneeze,
An' say, "I'll come down soon."

But den dey say he's foolish,
An' often do get full,
I'm sure dat mus' be rubbish,
For he's neber ill or dull.

An' for sure he's alway lookin',
Dat same ole pleasant way,
An' you neber ketch heem sleepin',
When de sun am t'roo de day.

Dat's why I'm alway tinkin',
Dat, poor fellow, he mus' like,
When de stars alone are blinkin',
Take a rest for some few night.

So I trus' you'll not misjudge heem,
De next tam he appear;
'Cause he's been off for some evenin'
Dat he's gone got full ob beer.

Jan. '08.

J. A. W.

QUAINT CUSTOMS OF A DUTCH WEDDING.

A VERY sensible and prudent affair is a marriage in Holland. These phlegmatic people, with their habits of frugality, and their simple and orderly life, propose and accept love on a basis of practical and judicious motives. They are slow and deliberate, and take plenty of time to be certain of their intentions, and the consequences likely to follow; but the end, generally, is very practical and satisfactory. The Dutch Sabot is somewhat typical of the nation; it is provident, in that it is made of wood, a material easily gotten, and reasonable in price; it is stolid and heavy for wearing purposes to any but a Dutchman; it is artistic in a picture; but, best of all, it can be kept beautifully clean and comfortable, and is very useful.

Soundly practical and unpretentious is a Dutch proposal, and a great saving of words and nerves. The favored maiden is given a handkerchief by the devoted swain, and at one end it is fastened in a knot, within which is either a present of money, or some personal ornament. If the maid intends to accept the suitor, she unties the knot and appropriates the gifts; if not, the handkerchief is returned with the knot still in it, and the disappointed lover retires.

The proposal accepted, the ceremony of marriage is usually that of the Lutheran church. The wedding festivities are sunny with merriment and dancing, and quaint and old world in costume, and joyously noisy with the

clatter of the wooden shoes. For three days the feasting is prolonged, and is generous and hospitable, and thoroughly appreciated by the convivial guests.

It is customary for the bride to don an apron on the occasion, for the purpose of receiving gifts of money. The apron is supplied with capacious pockets, and into these roomy receptacles her friends are expected to throw money; a piece from each guest. Brides have been known to faint dead away from the burden of coins conveyed in this way. The custom is never to count the money, and the Dutch, although thrifty, are kindly disposed, so the supply of coins is generally weighty.

Teniers has painted a picture, the subject of which is a wedding festival in Holland. It is full of life and motion of a quiet, slow kind, and of the homely, comfortable enjoyment of the Dutch. In the background is a sensibly picturesque cottage, and in the distance the village church tower embowered in trees. The foreground is a farm-yard, rudely domesticated, and it is lively with the wedding guests, a truly simple and happy party; some feasting contentedly at a table, a couple dancing gaily, and the rest seated on wooden benches, or standing in idly contented pleasure of the scene. A piper on a barrel is discoursing dance music, genially, and we feel he is keeping time with his feet to the clatter of the dancers' shoes, as he watches them while blowing his pipes. The old and the young are of the homely gathering, and even the family dog is scampering across the yard in a frolic of canine delight. A wedding festival, thoroughly Dutch in simplicity and kindly humor, and in domestic felicity.

E. M. B. S.

Toronto, January, 1908.

THERE is one respect in which we think the banks have fallen short of what would have been the best public and financial policy (says the Ottawa Journal), namely, in not increasing their rate of interest to depositors. At a time when bank profits were made large by exceptional interest upon loans, and at a time when it was also specially desirable to induce the public to make deposits, the banks, though increasing their interest rate to customers, kept their own rate of interest upon depositors down to three per cent. This is fairly open to criticism. An increase in the interest paid by banks might have kept in the banks money which was taken out by depositors for the purpose of investment in stocks. This may have been good for the investors, but it was bad for the banks and the public. The banks have no moral right, and we doubt if it is good business policy from any point of view whatever, to increase their commercial rate of discount (for what can be foreseen to be a prolonged period) without proportionately increasing the interest they allow on deposits. Every bank in Canada last year, despite the business stringency, showed enhanced profits, and, beyond doubt, they managed to do so by raising their rates of interest on loans on the plea of scarcity of money, while at the same time they drove money out of their possession by keeping down the interest they allowed on deposits.

THAT high-class illustrated weekly, "Canada," which is doing so much to represent Canadian interests in Great Britain, falls into the error of saying that SATURDAY NIGHT is in its third year of publication. This journal is in its third year under present management, but in the twenty-first year of its age. "Canada," which fills a sort of high commissioner's post in journalism, comments on the progress of literature in the Dominion. "A feature of late years in Canada," it says, "has been the success of journals which prefer the national standpoint to that of partisan politics, and are not afraid of hurting the *amour propre* of a young nation by outspoken criticism. Of these the Toronto SATURDAY NIGHT . . . is always readable, and never condescends to take narrow views or indulge in personal pettiness. It is always 'near the centre,' to use Matthew Arnold's phrase, and is a good influence on the side of political purity and that national willingness to give and take which is the essential point in practical Imperialism. Assuredly the Canadian press grows in urbanity with the growth of the nation, and that is a change to be proud of."

ST. JAMES'S BUDGET, London, makes a point in favor of Rev. R. J. Campbell, the remarkable young preacher, by telling a story of a beautiful impiety: After his Thursday sermon—the most striking of his recent ones—the Rev. R. J. Campbell will probably extend a sympathetic reception to a story which puts his sermon, from a woman's point of view, in a nutshell. On the face of it, the story would appear impious in the conception of those whose creed Mr. Campbell is combating, but, in truth, it expresses the matchless trust of a good woman in the perfect mercy and understanding of the Omnipotent. The minister had been expounding to her the story of the offering up of Isaac by his father and of the sparing of him once the faith and zeal of Abraham had been tested. She noted with reverence the lessons to be deduced from the story, then she answered, "Yes, but God woud never have asked it of a mother!" To this sweet, simple soul the love of a mother was too sacred to be the subject even of a Divine experiment.

W. KELLY EVANS, of Toronto, who has been chief promoter of the movement for the establishment of organizations all over Ontario for the protection of fish and game, delivered a lecture last week before the May Court at Ottawa, and aroused considerable interest in the subject he advocates so enthusiastically. His Excellency the Governor-General, Chief Justice Sir Charles Fitzpatrick and other prominent men attended the lecture and endorsed its object. The organization of which Mr. Evans is secretary and chief worker, has established many branches in Ontario and has made such progress that the same plan of campaign has already been adopted in Michigan, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Mr. Evans has studied the question of the Ontario fisheries, and anyone who has heard his account of the situation as it exists, is made to feel that it is impossible to continue to disregard a source of food that might be so ample, and which is destined to soon disappear altogether unless public opinion can be awakened. In Toronto and in many Ontario towns branches of the Protective Society have been formed, a lot of influential supporters of the demand for reform have begun to make themselves heard.

WHEN Edmund Burke stayed at Bristol in 1774 he requested Richard Champion to spare no pains nor expense in the manufacture of a tea service, which he presented to Mrs. Smith, his hostess. Simultaneously Champion and his wife presented a still more splendid service to Mrs. Burke. The teapot and cover belonging to that service, painted with the Burke arms, emblematic figures and an inscription, were sold recently at Christie's in London for 420 guineas.

Who's Who Out West

THE man from Bruce county is an ubiquitous individual out West. Wherever you go, in whatever province you find yourself, you will find a Bruce man at your elbow. One of the first questions which greets you when you arrive in the West is, "Are you from Bruce county?"

And if you admit the soft impeachment, the odds are that your interlocutor is also a Bruce man, and he in turn will run over a long list of familiar names until you would almost imagine you're back in Owen Sound, or Tara, or Paisley.

Among the number of prominent Bruce county men in Alberta is W. C. Simmons, of Lethbridge, who has been representing that city in the legislature, and was recently nominated by the Liberal party to run in the Federal riding. Mr. Simmons was born in 1875 in Arran township, and was educated in Collingwood and Owen Sound colleges and Toronto University. He was graduated from "Varsity" in 1895, and for four years was principal of Lethbridge schools.

In 1900 he turned to the study of law, and was articled to Lougheed & Bennett, barristers, at Calgary. In 1903 he became Crown prosecutor at Lethbridge, and when L. G. De Weer was appointed to the Senate, he succeeded him in the Legislature. He is now ambitious to enter a wider field, and should he be successful, he will add one more to the number of capable, able young men the West, irrespective of politics, is sending to represent it at Ottawa.

While a prominent lawyer, he has also been actively identified with the interests of southern Alberta in his capacity as manager of the South Alberta Land and Colonization Company. The success of the dry-forming methods and irrigated lands in the south during the past few years has been phenomenal, and much to the progress and development of the province.

Some Points from Punch.

PROFESSOR ARTHUR KAMPF, of Munich, in discussing picture forgeries, has, according to The Sunday Times, made the interesting statement that "art swindlers existed as far back as 400 years, and that at that period plenty of false Rembrandts were offered to the public." This gives one some idea of the devilish cleverness of these fellows. That they should have been able to copy the work of Rembrandt one hundred years before he was born is a pretty good testimonial.

The announcement of the new management of The Times was followed by many reassurances. Mr. Pearson's half-penny daily is not to appear with the new heading:

The Daily Express
(with which is incorporated
The Times).

Nor is it contemplated to reduce the price of The Times to three half-pence.

A coroner refused to allow a child to give evidence last week because, when she was asked if she knew what would become of her if she told a lie, she said she did not know. That seems scarcely the way to encourage the young to continue to speak the truth.

With regard to a recent French train robbery we have the following information from Carmelite House: "As soon as the six cash boxes in a somewhat battered condition had been replaced in the van . . ."—Daily Mail.

"The five cash boxes somewhat battered were replaced in the van . . ."—Over-seas Daily Mail.

The difference in the number is obviously to save weight in the over-seas edition.

Some milkmen in Southwest London have started a musical society, with the object of making the milkman's cry melodious. There still remains grand work to be done by founding choral societies among the porters who announce the names of our railway stations.

We cannot help admiring the beautiful optimism of the promoters of the forthcoming London Pageant. Only one scene, according to the synopsis which has been published, will be a water scene.—London Punch.

IN a sketch of the Marquess de Léville, who has died at Brighton, England, the London Express says he was once a bravo, a poet, and a squire of dames. To behold him was an education in types. To see him strolling down Regent street, tall, broad-shouldered, and square-jowled, was an experience in itself. He wore the broad-rimmed, low-crowned hat which one associates with the courtiers of the last of the Georges. His frock coat was that of the business man. His peg-topped trousers bespoke the dandy immortalized by Leech. His cravat would have been proud to be numbered among one of Beau Brummell's successes. His oiled ringlets were jet black, and might have been the envy of Svengali. In his daintily-gloved hand he carried, with all the grace that goes with "the nice conduct of a clouded cane," a sword-stick—a veiled threat. A veiled threat that carried no weight; a veiled threat that was a "bluff" from beginning to end. He boasted of his duels, but he never fought one in his life. His chest was only another proof of this romantic pose. Beneath his waistcoat he wore a tin breastplate. Whence did he come? Perhaps it is nearest to the truth to say that he was the son of a penny-a-shave barber, and that he only ineffectually denied the statement that in his early days he had eked out an unenviable living by the manufacture of glass eyes at Madame Tussaud's.

A CONTEMPORARY states that "the chief feature of the December issue of The University Magazine—McGill and Toronto Universities' is 'Ad Universitatem,' Mr. Rudyard Kipling's characteristic address to the students of McGill." Pedantry is abhorrent to Mr. Punch, but he does hope that a word like *Universitatem* is not really "characteristic" of Mr. Kipling's Latinity.—Punch.



A WEALTHY merchant of Sydney, Australia, spent a few days in Vancouver recently, and he was so impressed by the city and its prospects that he forthwith purchased real estate there to the value of \$100,000. This is one of the most interesting news stories contained in the Vancouver papers which have arrived here during the present week; and it is one that these papers ought to make the most of. Such news items are the best sort of immigration literature. And it may be observed, by the way, that British Columbia has a peculiar immigration policy of her own to work out. The immigrants that arrive at her ports from overseas are at present largely undesirables—Japanese and other orientals. So the Pacific coast province is making a bid for settlers from Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba. She is adopting a domestic immigration policy, as it were. She is pointing out, through employed agents and through the press, that while the prairie provinces offer fine opportunities for money making, the coast is a delightful place in which to live when money has been made. She talks more and more of the violets that grow on the Pacific slope while the mercury is bursting through the bottoms of Winnipeg thermometers. "Come out and spend your winters on the coast," British Columbia has been saying, "but, better still, when you retire come out here to live." But now she goes further. She is drumming up permanent settlers from east and north, and in doing so emphasizes the fact that the coast is a good place for money-making as well as for comfortable living.

Mr. Allan McGregor, the Sydney millionaire, who has just staked \$100,000 on the growth and prosperity of Vancouver, is a man who does not believe in putting all his eggs in one basket. His name would lead one to suspect that he is not really an Australian but a Scotchman—one of that army of Scotchmen who have gone out to possess themselves of the world, and succeeded very well. They are everywhere you go—in every city in Canada, notably in Montreal, these canny Scotchmen, cautious but courageous; and the opinions they give are worth listening to. Mr. McGregor, who in addition to his interests in Australia, owns 10,000 acres of land in the Fiji islands, on which he raises sisal, gives this opinion of Vancouver:

"I am delighted with Vancouver, and while I had not intended to become a property holder before I came here, I am so impressed with the outlook and the opportunities for investment which you have here that I could not refrain from taking advantage of some of the good things offered me. Yes, I believe my purchases will figure up about \$100,000, but that is not a great sum to put into a city with a future like Vancouver's. I believe your city is destined to become one of the greatest ports in the west. I fail to see, situated as she is at the very door of the immense commerce that is beginning to spread over the Pacific, how she can fail to take a place in the front rank of municipalities."

THESE died in Winnipeg the other day a man who conducted a store there when that city, now the metropolis of what is beginning to be called the middle west, was an outpost of the last west. Robert Gerrie was one of the interesting group of pioneer merchants and real estate dealers who helped to make Winnipeg a brisk little place some years before the eventful boom which commenced about 1880. But unlike most of the early pioneers, he came through that trying period with a fair measure of success, and continued in business in the city until very recently. He landed in Winnipeg on May 24, 1873, to investigate the country, then just beginning. He started a store, and when the boom commenced he went into the real estate business.

Gerrie at that time owned practically the whole of Princess street, and in 1880 started to develop that street by the construction of the old Grand Union Hotel, which he followed with the erection of the Gerrie block at the corner of William avenue, which stands to-day, the old Palace stables, the Princess Opera House and other buildings of less note. In 1889 he

sold the Grand Union to James Donohue and it was later, with the Princess Opera House destroyed in a memorable fire.

The Grand Union Hotel was the first modern hotel erected in Winnipeg. The Free Press recalls that this house was the rendezvous of the Liberal politicians during the anti-dissolution days and also enjoyed a large transient patronage. When the Norquay government was being hammered to its doom the hostelry was the scene of many an important political gathering and conference, which are still fresh in the memories of old-timers.

THOSE who live in the Peace River country or those who have lately explored that district all tell the same story as regards the fur trade. They say there will be very few furs brought out next summer. Mr. George C. Garnet, a rancher in the Spirit River country, where he has spent four years, recently went down to Edmonton to purchase supplies for the coming year. Interviewed regarding the country's future, he expressed himself in enthusiastic terms as to its possibilities. "But," he said, "the trappers are getting very few pelts, for the simple reason that there are practically no fur-bearing animals in the country."

In explanation of this Mr. Garnet referred to the disappearance of the rabbits every seven years and the consequent scarcity of food. There were none to be found in the country this year, and the lynx had gone where there was more food; part of them across the mountains and part of them farther east. The marten had not yet returned after the departure of their deadly enemies, the lynx, and as a consequence the poor trappers had only the fox to catch. A large number of silver fox had been killed this year, almost equalling in number their more common brethren, the red fox.

Mr. Garnet reported a very mild winter in the north this year. This was welcome to the ranchers, as their stock could winter outside without danger. The lack of snow, however, was a great inconvenience in travelling. The party came down with sleighs, but found travelling very difficult and slow.

The reports of the excellent grain crop in the north, which have reached Edmonton from time to time, were fully confirmed by Mr. Garnet. Although engaged primarily in ranching, he also grew some oats on his land and had brought some excellent samples with him which would be the delight of an agriculturist. There is not much of a market for the products of their stock and grain as yet, except the demand from the traders, settlers and trading posts. As soon as the railways are built into the country this problem, along with many others which are now confronting this new country, will be effectually solved.

The settlers were all hoping, said Mr. Garnet, the Grand Trunk would take a northwesterly direction from Edmonton and cross the Rocky Mountains by means of the Pine Pass on its way to the coast. This would tap the very heart of the Grand Prairie district, about sixty miles west of the Spirit River, and would result in the country being opened for settlement. Since it is practically decided that this transcontinental railway will cross the mountains by the Yellowhead Pass, the northern inhabitants must postpone wait for a while longer.

IN the House of Commons the other day Sir Wilfrid Laurier brought down the report of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police for 1907. It shows that the present strength of the force is 55 officers, 584 non-commissioned officers and constables and 520 horses. Compared with 1906 the strength is less by 45 men and 49 horses. There are in the force 135 men less than in 1906. These have to cover 55 additional posts.

In 1901 the population of the area over which the police had jurisdiction was 238,000; now it is upwards of 600,000. In the unorganized territories the strength is not sufficient. Posts are required at different points on the Mackenzie River, and more police are required in the Keewatin and Ungava districts where inhuman

practices among Indians have been coming to light.

Commissioner A. B. Perry remarks: "Assuming that our jurisdiction is not to be curtailed in the near future, I am bound to express the opinion that the strength of the force is not sufficient for it to perform its multifarious duties satisfactorily to the Government and with credit to itself."

The commissioner says that there has been a marked increase in crime during the year, there being 6,736 cases and 5,685 convictions as against 5,148 cases and 4,256 convictions the previous year. The largest number of cases were for assault, theft and drunkenness. There were eleven charges of murder and six of attempted murder. Although the murder charges have been numerous they were not of a character to indicate a state of lawlessness.

The blue book contains a report from Inspector A. M. Jarvis as to the wood buffalo. The problem of preservation of these animals has of late been engaging the attention of the authorities. Inspector Jarvis has reached these conclusions: (1) That the buffalo are in danger of extermination, not by wolves but by poachers; (2) Unless adequate protection is given, the buffalo will not last five years.

Commenting on these statements Commissioner Perry says: "Inspector Jarvis had not the time at his disposal as he was en route to Herschel Island to make a thorough inquiry into the condition of the herd. I think his opinions have been formed somewhat hurriedly as the reports which I have received from time to time for some years back do not agree with his, especially as regards the wolves. Reports from every portion of the north country say that wolves are there in great numbers. Many horses were killed on the open ranges last winter and some even in corrals close to houses. There is no doubt but that the buffalo also suffered." He adds: "These are the last wild buffalo and it would be a thousand pities to have them exterminated."

The commissioner proposes to establish posts at Fort Smith and Fort Resolution from which a close supervision of the buffalo can be maintained.

REV. FATHER BRABANT, who has spent thirty-three years as a missionary among the Indians of the west coast, gave a very interesting address at a meeting of the Natural History Club of Victoria, B. C., one evening recently. Father Brabant has already published a book of his reminiscences, besides compiling a dictionary and grammar, the latter being not yet quite complete. And his address contained much information of historic value.

"The first ships that came to the coast," said Father Brabant, "were seen by the Indians at Hesquoit when they were out fishing. They became very excited and some of them thought it was a big bird. There were two Spanish monks on these ships. They tried to get water, but the westerly winds drove them almost on the rocks. The Indians went out in their canoes and saw the monks. They obtained beads, copper, which they highly prized, and a number of other articles. When they returned they stated that the ships came from the other world."

No other ships were seen at that time nor did the Spaniards land, but about two years later, one morning when the Indians went out fishing, they saw a ship anchored in Nootka Sound. They went out in their canoes and sold them fish, getting great riches in exchange. These riches of course consisted of such trinkets as it was customary to give to the Indians in the trade. The Indians piloted them to a safe anchorage in Friendly Cove, and this is probably the time that the Indians got the visitors the name Nootka.

"Nootka means, in the Indian language, 'to go around,' or 'to make a circle.' The Indians probably used the word often in giving their directions to go around Blyth island, and the English thought they meant that the sound was named Nootka.

"Cook did not remain long but sailed away in a northerly direction.

Later a good many traders came to

the sound for sea otter skins, which they bought from the Indians, giving

such articles as the latter needed in exchange. The Spaniards then laid claim to the whole coast, and erected a fort at Nootka. They had on board their ship two monks, it being the custom in those days to always take a priest on board a ship when making a long voyage. The description of the men given by the old Indians made it clear that they were monks, for they described them as having bald heads (probably shaven) and as short and big, probably from the peculiar cloak worn which makes men look stout.

In Friendly Cove they built a church, the first to be built in British Columbia. In talking to the old Indians he found that the only Spanish words they remembered were 'Me Deos.' The visitors brought with them cattle, pigs and chickens, one of the islands now being called Pig island from the fact that the pigs were turned loose on it."

Another false conception was knocked in the head by the reverend father. Chinook, which it has been always understood originated with the Hudson's Bay Co., really originated at Nootka Sound. Dozens of words of Chinook language are taken from the language of the West Coast Indians. The word Klootchman, for instance, is one of these. The traders picked up some of these words and used them all the way down the coast. Then on the Columbia River a number of French words were mixed with these and the language gradually grew into its present form.

Perhaps the saddest and most interesting statement made by the veteran missionary was the fact that the Indians are a doomed race. They are disappearing at a post rate and in a few years he thinks they will have passed from the face of the earth. At the time of the visit of Cook to Nootka it was stated that there were about two thousand Indians at Nootka; now there are exactly one hundred and sixty. A few years ago there were five hundred.

The passing of the Indian is not on account of the drinking of fire water or ill-living, for, according to Father Brabant, the Indians of the west coast are very industrious, and live excellent lives, but yet they die. Civilization, he thinks, came too abruptly for them. The wearing of white man's clothing has killed many. Consumption, measles, and whooping cough carry off young and old.

FROM far up near the confluence of the Ingenia and Finlay rivers, almost midway between the Canadian Rockies and the Cassiar mountains, comes rumors of a gold strike, the most important of any from northern fields for years.

A stampede from Hazelton, B. C., has followed the receipt of the news, a large party of prospectors having outfitted and gone to the scene of the new strike. More will follow. The discoverers have been in the district for two years and came out for an outfit. From them it is learned that the prospects are of the best, the gold brought out by them being extremely coarse. The diggings are reported shallow.

All the old-time prospectors of the district are preparing to make a rush to the new fields.

IT is said that the Rothschilds are behind a petition which has been formally presented to the British Columbia Legislature for a provincial charter for the Hudson Bay Pacific Railway, which is also about to ask for a Federal charter.

Its promoters state that its capital stock, \$100,000,000, is already fully subscribed, and that within five years from the date of the charter, the line will be completed from Port Simpson, the Pacific terminus, to Fort Churchill, on Hudson Bay. They do not ask the British Columbia Government for any free land grant nor any cash subsidy.

These are petitioners for charter: David B. May Washington, D.C.; W. H. Duval, Surveyor General for the Dominion; Wm. H. Harding, of New York; John Braden, Victoria.

These will be directors: A. C. Shenstone, representing Baron Rothschild; E. B. Dean, Scranton, Pa.; Hon. James McLaughlin, U. S. Congressman, Los Angeles; Hon. A. C. Latimer, U. S. Senator, Washington, D. C.; Hon. H. White, ex-Mayor Seattle; Hon. J. T. McGleary, U. S. Assistant Postmaster-General.

The Rothschilds appear to be represented by A. C. Shenstone, of London, now of New York. The only British Columbian named in the syndicate, as it appears in the petition, is John Braden, of Victoria, who is the owner of several thousand acres in the district of Port Simpson.

H. F. W. Behnson, member for Victoria, who is introducing the petition, states that the syndicate means business, and will commence work soon after obtaining the provincial charter.

The proposed line will be the short-

W. & A. GILBEY

the Largest Wine and Spirit Merchants in the World, have for over 50 years given the public a guarantee of quality.

As proprietors of Three Scotch Distilleries, situate in the Highlands, W. & A. Gilbey supply the finest Whiskies made from pure Malted Barley in a Pot Still.

"SPEY ROYAL"

10 years old

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6 years old

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stand out pre-eminent as ALL-MALT Whiskies of the best type. Mellowed by many years' storage in His Majesty's Bonded Warehouses, and bottled and guaranteed by

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Crème SIMON
POUDRE + SAVON
Unrivalled
for the preservation of the Skin

From all
Chemists and
Perfumers

You cannot possibly have a better Cocoa than

EPPS'S

A delicious drink and a sustaining food. Fragrant, nutritious and economical. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

COCOA

Sold by Grocers and Storekeepers in $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. and $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. Tins.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for New Entrance to Toronto Harbour, Ont." will be received at this office until Monday, March 2, 1908, inclusively, for the construction of a New Western Entrance to the Harbour in the County of York, Ontario, according to plans and specifications to be seen at the office of J. G. Sing, Esq., Resident Engineer, Confederation Life Building, Toronto, at the office of H. J. Lamb, Esq., Resident Engineer, London, Ont., at the office of W. H. Best, Esq., Merchant Bank Building, St. James St., Montreal, P.Q., and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with the name and address of the tenderer.

An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, for forty-eight thousand dollars (\$48,000.00), must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forwarded if the tenderer fails to complete the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
FRED. GELINAS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, January 31, 1908.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

ONE afternoon Mrs. Murphy appeared at the settlement house, all dressed up in her best bonnet and shawl. A huge black and blue spot disfigured one side of her face, however, and one eye was nearly closed.

"Why, Mrs. Murphy, what is the matter?" cried one of the teachers; and then, realizing that she might have asked a tactless question, she hastily turned it off by saying: "Well, cheer up, you might be worse off."

"Sure an' I might," responded the indignant Mrs. Murphy. "I might not be married at all!"

A N American speeding over the continent of Europe in his automobile asked of his chauffeur: "Where are we?"

"In Paris," shouted the man at the wheel, and the dust flew.

"Oh, never mind the details," irritably screamed the American millionaire: "I mean what continent?"

CANADIAN ART CLUB
FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION
Feb. 4th to 17th

IN THE
County of York Municipal
Buildings
57 Adelaide Street East.

Season tickets can be procured from the following: Booklovers' Library; Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, Mackenzie & Co., Nordheimer's, Tyrrell's Bookshop; Whaley, Royce Co.

CENTRAL ONTARIO SCHOOL
OF
ART

165 King Street West
Winter Term Begins Dec. 8
Apply to the Secretary

"Baby's Own" Soap

is made right with the right ingredients for a perfect soap.

It gives a rich creamy lather beautifully foamy & fragrant; it improves the complexion; it cleanses and soothes the skin; and protects it from hard water, strong sun or wind.

"Baby's Own" is the best soap for every toilet purpose.

Albert Soaps Ltd. Mississauga, - Montreal
Brewers of Confections and Substitutes.



February Bargains ... IN ... WOMEN'S LACE BOOTS

Patent Leather Vici
Kid, Tan Calf, and
Box Calf, were \$3.00,
\$3.50, \$4.00.....

\$2.50

H. & C. BLACHFORD
114 Yonge St.

We are including in our Stock Reducing Sale all requisites for OUTDOOR SPORTS KNITTED COATS FOR SKATING

etc. Large selection for Gentlemen and Ladies.
SPECIAL LINE IN GREY.
White and Brown, reg. \$8.50, for \$2.50.
Knit-to-Fit Collar Sweaters, all shades and combinations, \$2.50, for \$1.50.
Toques, 25c and 35c.
Long Woolen Gloves, \$1.50, for \$1.00 pair.

WREYFORD & CO.
"Jaeger," Depot 85 King St. West

Get our Catalogue and Sale Circular.



Synopsis of Canadian North-West

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 28, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or by any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at the Dominion Lands Office or Sub-agency, or the district where the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at an Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the homestead duties under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on a farm which is not selected by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) or homesteader has permanent residence on a homestead and owns sole or joint title to the land, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of the homestead, or upon a homestead entered for by him in the vicinity, such homesteader may, if he so desires, perform residence duties by living with the father (or mother).

(4) The term "vicinity" in the two preceding paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than nine miles in a direct line, exclusive of the width of road allowance crossed in the measurement.

(5) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

Any notice of such intention must be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa, or intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

Bunny's Papier, open all Winter, is the place for Balls, Banquets, Fuches Parties, etc. Dainty lunches served. Phone Park 806.

Number Bosch Hotel, where substantial meals are served at short notice, and where domestic and foreign Ales, Wines and Liquors are kept. Phone Park 822.

P. V. MYER, - Proprietress

Lady Gay's Column

A MERRY spirit thus addresses this staid column: "Dear Lady Gay,—Will you please give me the address of the Institution for Foundling Dresses? I see by the society columns of various papers, that the hostesses now 'adopt' the dresses for their receptions. It must be cheaper than buying them, and as I go to a few bridge parties, it would be handy to know where to lay hands on a dress so easily. Can they be returned if not suitable in disposition or temperament, or must they be kept?"

So much for the merry spirit, now for the dictionary. As the word "adopt" comes from two Latin words "ad," and "aptari" to choose, it is within its rights in being used to convey the idea that from a multitude of smart belongings such and such a *monadine* chooses to herself a gown for wear at her festive event. This is not an expression which may rank with such as the wierd intelligence that a lady poured tea from a polished mahogany table or served ices and coffee in a yellow lace gown. Of course, the coffee wouldn't exactly hurt the lace gown but how may the lace gown hold the coffee? And it's up to the scribe to elucidate the mystery of the polished mahogany table as a teapot! These are expressions commonly (very commonly) used, and not distasteful to the majority of careless readers. But the adoption of a gown, strained as it sounds, has the backing of the dictionary and a dead language, and can stand alone.

Those who read old Moore's Almanac, are remarking that the event of dire tragedy which has plunged courts into mourning this week was foretold in the almanac rather distinctly. Flags should fly at half-mast in capitals of Europe, and courts should mourn in February. Let's hope we've got all that's coming to us.

She had a hat, which reminded one of a theatrical advance agent's notices, and a collar that somehow made one think of the show as it turned out to be. And she came late to the theatre, and walked over seven pairs of feet to get to her place, instead of crossing to the aisle where no one barred her progress. As soon as she had finished hunching herself about, as if there were a tuck or a drowsy bumble-bee on the seat of her chair, she stretched up and pulled out five enormous hat pins from the advance notice hat. Two were of pink coral, two of cut glass, and one, evidently the utility member of the aggregation, was about ten inches long and modestly topped with a plain black knob. This ran into the neck of the man next her, and drew blood in a two-inch scratch. "Sign," said she, with two hatpins across her lips, "that you'll have a ride with a lady. Scratch is on the left side." The man pressed his handkerchief on the wound and glared at her. The people behind giggled, just for a minute, just until she slipped her arms out of her coat, and flopped its dirty fur collar over the back of her seat into the face of one of the gigglers. A man firmly and hastily jammed the dirty fur down behind her as she eased forward, and she sat as comfortably as one might with a bunch of cloth and fur between one's shoulder-blades. She presently asked a neighbor for a programme, and how far they'd got, explaining that the cars had been blocked and kept her late. Some one said H-h-s-h! and she did, with a scared sort of look about her, to see whom she had aroused. The man with the wound in his neck went out at the end of the first act, and she sighed in a relieved manner as she piled the advance notice hat on the vacant seat, and got down in a knot to unclasp her overshoes. "They draw the feet," she explained to the next-but-one seat, "and I guess are chillblainy." Everyone looked the other way, some smiled, some sneered, some whispered, "How did she happen in here?" One said, "Sort of Wiggs-of-the-cabbage-patch lady; I'll bet she ironed those crimpes." She got out a pair of spectacles and spent the entr'act in reading the programme, advertisements and all, being so taken up with it that the lowering of the lights made her exclaim, "What's up?" and then the man came back and sat down on the advance notice hat. He hopped up very quickly and laid a protecting hand on his coat-tails and a boy next door said "Stung!" Then everyone exploded, and the man hastily changed his seat. The owner of the hat seemed to have forgotten its whereabouts, and was

absorbed in the action on the stage. She was very hot, very damp and very evident to the olfactory. She puffed and panted and said: "Sakes-a-merry!" when some unexpected turn of affairs made things interesting. Coming out, she said to everyone, "Wall, it's my first time in twenty years. Jennie must have wanted the setting-room very bad this evening, or she'd not have giv' me her seat for the show." And somehow, one could imagine the "setting-room," and Jennie and the beau, and wonder whether he would wait for mother's late return, or pay his last adieu before she got there, full to the muzzle with delight and remarks on the show, and oblivious of the peculiar shape imparted by a temporary pressure of two hundred pounds of startled masculinity, to her advance notice hat, which somehow looked as if the type had been pied. It was such fun for the rest of us, though!

LADY GAY.

Correspondence Column

The above Coupon must accompany every graphical study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original handwriting, in a single letter. Letters will be answered in their order unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their correspondence with the Editor. 2. Original remittance and requests for heretofore quoted services or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

Dalton—Address it simply "Editor Saturday Night," and enclose stamp and address for return if not accepted. No time to send you private letter on so trivial a matter.

Socrates McGee.—Your writing shows fair ability, caution and enterprise, but lacks decision and snap. You are genial, hopeful, adaptable and have good sequence of ideas. The writing will change as you get more knowledge of life, at present it is good, but not thoroughly mature. The dominant touch is wanting, but there is fine material for a steady advancement under supervision.

November 18.—It is a hand full of vitality and diffusiveness, not particularly discreet and generally over-trustful. The tendency is to display love of praise, bright imagination, capacity for affection, but very little of the subtler sentiment. Writer does not seek for power, nor desire to lead others, but is good on making his own way. Would be generous, and likely an honest, if somewhat careless, friend. That's what you get, my man.

Elizabeth.—This writing, which shows great promise and traits, is quite too crude for delineation, and you had better wait a while before expecting a graphologist to consider it. It looks like the output of a young lady of early "teens."

Nemo.—Ah! The four-leaved clovers by the cave at Bonavista! I know just what you mean, my little Newfoundland. And were you with us that day? I often think about it. I just had a boy from Bay Roberts talking to me, and refusing to believe I could pass you all by this summer. Were you the little housekeeper, perhaps, who knows Toronto too? And isn't it pure Newfoundland, your "Bless your dear heart, how are you getting along?" I can hear the very tone as I read. Fairly, my duckie, or as they say at Bare Need, "I am grand and lovely." Your pretty writing shows a sensitive, refined and feminine nature, humor and love of beauty, taste and at times a touch of pessimism. Your perception is bright, temper good and you have some desire for admiration and praise. You are not easily moved in your tastes and convictions and would be exceedingly loyal. There is great artistic or musical gift somewhere and your manner, if a bit staid, should be very winning.

I really do think you must be that little housekeeper. Tell me! It's because you're from the Island, that I grow unwontedly curious.

Canadian.—How you people do make me around the earth! Here's California next to Newfoundland. May 23rd brings you under Gemini. The head sign of the Air Triplet. These people have a restless, vivacious and anxious nature, or rather two natures, one very high and the other debased. They are apt to be extremists. The greatest success, the lowest failure, very strong or very weak, until they realize their dual nature and set themselves to subdue and finally transmute the lower one.

The two minds of Gemini, just so soon as any course opens to you, will begin to say "Do" and "Don't" as hard as they can. It is up to you, by calm deliberate control, to stop their clamorous indecision. Temperance, courage, modesty and some reticence are things Gemini folk should care

fully practice. In India, many of the great sages, yogis and adepts are Gemini people. Many a Gemini woman fusses herself into invalidism. Your study is strong but unquiet, decided but uncontrolled. Verbum sap!

Never Say Die.—Confidence, application and pugnacity are a curious trio as the price of success in Canada. The latter is a sure hindrance, I fancy, especially in a newly arrived Englishman. Your writing is powerful and weak. The practical dominant touch is in it, but there is also a strong leaning to sentiment, and an uncompromising attitude that is almost repellent. If the force were tempered by sweetness and good-fellowship it would make a better showing. I think some profession or business in the literary line generally suits a Virgo. They're excellent proofreaders and often make good editors. Then again, nature is their best companion, so that the out-door calling appeals to them. Judging by the strong and uncompromising quality of your lines, it might be healthy for you, and less trying than a calling demanding constant control and moderation. Cast out fear and doubt, sail on boldly and you can always achieve at least a moderate success. Virgo needs inspiration, and the more you think on and study the hidden things of life, the better. Once Virgo comprehends, she is lightning, quick to turn the knowledge to her own benefit. Yours is a pretty big problem, but is well worth trying to solve.

Florence.—No. I don't envy you. But I quite agree with you about the "glorious climate of California." Numerous song-birds don't seem to affect my spirits the way you mention and for the Elysian fields, do you never miss the dazzling snow we are using just now to top-dress ours. Your study is full of exaggeration and half-digested raptures. It is unduly self-assertive, and erratic to the limit. But it has great quality and dominance. If I were inclined to envy you your sojourn in California, a glance at your writing would cure me. In my business, such a chirography would ensure my resignation or dismissal in about two days. At the same time, it may be the confession of a perfectly fascinating woman.

Parsifal.—Written on lines, asking a second delineation so soon. Nay, nay, Pauline, I mean Parsifal. Original matter, for a graphological study is simply anything not copied or quoted. The difference it makes in writing is just what speaking your own words or reciting some one else's would make in your voice. Didn't you get a reading a year ago?

Lois.—It's so often the way with March people, the heart pulling one way and the head the other. Beastly uncomfy, isn't it? You have both a determined and powerful mind. You had better follow its leading this time. It will probably be your best course to go to the West, for the other idea doesn't look good to me. If the idea were of marriage immediately I should stay, for Pisces people are best married and married young. The enclosed writing isn't your grade at all.

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The Grand Trunk Railway System are being complimented on the good service they are giving to the public, and the improvements in coaches, Pullmans, dining cars, and buffet and car parlor cars run on principal trains from Toronto to Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York, London, Detroit, Chicago and Montreal. It is the only direct track line from Toronto.

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The inquisitive visitor to the studio of the famous but crotchety artist propounded the query: "What do you mix your colors with?" "With brains, sir," replied the painter in dignified tones. "Ah," commented the visitor, "so you paint miniatures." —Argonaut.

"I hear the audience last night was rather cold," said Hi Tragedy. "They were at first," replied Lowe Comedy, "but when they remembered that they had paid good money to see the show they got hot." —Cassells Saturday Journal.

Times must be dull and very few left in the Yukon, for we notice that Governor Henderson wires to Ottawa that the Yukon, including Dawson, is as moral as any other part of Canada.—Greenwood, B. C., Ledge.

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Bishop (kindly)—And all these lovely young ladies whom I have just met in the guild room have just common bond? Curate (modestly)—Yes. They all hope to marry me—Judge.



THE English comic opera, "Tom Jones," will be given at the Princess Theatre next week, under the management of Henry W. Savage. This piece comes with London and New York successes for recommendation. It was one of the hits of last season in London and had a notable run at the Apollo Theatre. This season it has captured the fancy of New York, and comes here fresh from its run at the Astor Theatre, where it divided popularity with "The Merry Widow," also a Henry W. Savage production. "Tom Jones," was described by one New York personally by Henry Arthur Jones to create an important character in "The Evangelist"; Ernest Stallard, one of the best known and best liked comedians on the English stage. He will be remembered here as the Mark Tapley in Mr. Willard's production of "Tom Pinch." Among the others are Katherine Tower, George M. Graham, Jane Marbury and Frederick Wallace.

The comic opera is founded on Fielding's famous romance of eighteenth century England. The book is by Robert Courtneidge and A. M. Thompson, the music by Edward German. It attained instant popularity on its first presentation, and has won praise for its melody, comedy, excellent narrative, and interesting characters. The London Daily Chronicle said of it: "It is full of life and color and of delightful melodies. The music is a perpetual stream of joyousness." The London Daily Graphic declared: "It has a delicious flavor of old England. The audience fairly revelled in the quaint grace of the madrigals and part songs, the graceful ballads, and walked out of the theatre nodding their heads to the merry lilt of the Somersetshire ditties which are so delightful."

It is said that the authors have made a capital comic opera book for "Tom Jones," telling a bright story, effectively grouping famous characters in the celebrated novel, contrasting town and country wit and gayety, and blending a touch of romance and sentiment with genuine comedy. The music represents the old English school. It has glees and madrigals and roundelay and ballads, and those delightful melodies that reflect the musical flavor of England when it was merrie.

Mr. German is at the head of present-day English composers, and his score for "Tom Jones" has won him fresh laurels. Many of the numbers in this comic opera have attained much popularity, and it is said that a quality of the music is that it appeals to the musician as well as to the general auditor who likes bright and catchy airs. In "Tom Jones," Mr. German has again shown his skill in writing dance music also, and has introduced a variety of such measures, ranging from the rollicking country romp to the stately minuet and graceful Morris dance.

Mr. Savage has assembled an excellent company for the opera. It is led by Louise Gunning, William Norris, and Gertrude Quinlan. The role of Tom Jones is sung by Albert Parr, a native of Toronto. Others in the cast are Henry Norman, John Bunny, Albert Pellaton, May Mooney, Vaughan Trevor, Howard Worthy, Bernard Gorcy, Louise Meyers, Odette Bordeaux, Lucy Tonge, Whitlock Davis, Evelyn Smith, and many others, with a big chorus that enters with spirit into all the merry measures and gay dances.

The opera is in three acts which interestingly picture England one hundred and fifty years ago. "Tom Jones" will be at the Princess all the week, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

The coming of the new English stock company to the Royal Alexandra Theatre has been looked forward to with considerable interest by the Toronto public. As has already been demonstrated the theatre management does not allow expense to stand in the way of procuring the best plays and players that are to be had.

Those in the cast comprise some of the best members of the companies which have in the past supported E. S. Willard, Forbes Robertson, Cyril Maude, Sir Charles Wyndham, Sir Henry Irving, Mrs. Langtry, Beerbohm Tree and others.

William Sauter, who has the direction of the company, will be remembered here as leading man with Mr. Willard, and with James K. Hackett.

The leading woman is Miss Darragh, who recently closed her season with Mr. Hackett, in Alfred Sutro's play "John Gayde's Honor." Miss Darragh was brought to America purposely to play the part of Muriel Gayde. She is an excellent actress and has played leading roles with Cyril Maude and Charles Wyndham.

in all big London successes. Others in the company are: Miss Ida Waterman, who has been under the management of Charles Frohman for the past five years, and who will begin her first engagement outside of New York city; Elizabeth Valentine, who will be remembered here as a valuable member of Ben Greet's players, having appeared here in "Everyman" and "Twelfth Night"; David Glassford, who was last seen here with Mr. Hackett in "The Walls of Jericho"; Ivan Simpson, late of Beerbohm Tree's company, and brought to New York personally by Henry Arthur Jones to create an important character in "The Evangelist"; Ernest Stallard, one of the best known and best liked comedians on the English stage. He will be remembered here as the Mark Tapley in Mr. Willard's production of "Tom Pinch." Among the others are Katherine Tower, George M. Graham, Jane Marbury and Frederick Wallace.

It is an unpleasant play, and as the ill-chosen title (which is suggestive of "Bertha, the Sewing-Machine Girl," etc.) might indicate, it runs, especially towards the end, to riotous melodrama. But Bertha Kalich is an actress of the first rank. The so-called emotional actresses of the day depend, for the most part, on screaming and unnatural declamation. Mme. Kalich is not of this class. Her acting is marked by wonderful restraint and power, and she can and does create a real atmosphere of tragedy—a thing beyond all but a very few players, either men or women. The scene in which, as Marta, she tells of her fall through the terrible poverty of her beggar-mother, is marvelously strong and compelling—and all because it is so quiet and realistic. In short Mme. Kalich has the temperament, the voice, and the art of a great actress; and, with ordinary fortune, she ought one day to be accorded that rank.

It is surprising that the discriminating theatre-goers of the city have not turned out in larger numbers to witness the remarkable performance of this truly remarkable woman. Mme. Kalich is supported by a sufficiently capable company. HAL.

New York's big burlesque show Bob Manchester's Gay Masqueraders appears at the Gayety Theatre next week. Mr. Manchester presents Billy Hart in "Doctor Dippy's Sanitarium," in two acts. In the olio are such feature acts as the Haywards, Conroy and Company, the Eight English Roses, Miss Susie Fisher, Stewart and Raymond, musical artists, Bessie Pardue and her dancing girls, Miss Jessie Sharp in her latest song successes, Billy Hart's Metropolitan Company, Smith and Baker, the dancing sailors.

A Canadian theatrical manager, Mr. Ernest Shipman, of New York, formerly of Toronto, has made out a list of Canadians on the stage. It is not entirely complete, but it is long enough to be rather surprising. Mr. Shipman says:

At the present moment the theatrical and singing world is applauding a Canadian, who has made the most pronounced hit of the year. He is Donald Brian, a native of St. John, N.B., and a son of Judge Brian. In Mr. Henry Savage's production of "The Merry Widow," the Viennese sensation of Europe and America, Mr. Brian has the leading light comedy role, and he is one of the most talked of figures on the American stage to-day. Another Canadian in the same production is Charles Meekins, a native of Hamilton, the leading baritone role. Albert Parr, of Toronto, whose name is widely known is one of the foremost tenors of the day, and is at present playing "Tom Jones" in the opera of that name. Arthur Deagon, of Ayr, is starring in "The Time, the Place and the Girl." The most famous basso of the light opera stage, Eugene Cowles, of Sherbrooke, Que., is co-star with Marie Cahill, in "Marrying Mary" this season. The sterling buffo bass, Jos. Miron, who stands alone in his line, was born in Joliette, Que. Albert Hart, the successor of De Wolfe Hopper in "Wang," is a Montrealer, and is now playing with Joseph Weber, in the burlesque of "The Merry Widow." Others prominent in musical comedy are John Parks, of Toronto; Napoleon Dagneau, of Montreal; Louis Casavant, of Montreal; Arthur Cunningham, of Montreal; and John E. Young, author and comedian, of London.

The dramatic profession has gained some of its most energetic and useful members, both managerially and artistically, from Canada. Foremost among them is Henry Miller, a Canadian. Canada should be proud of his success as an actor-manager, with his co-star, Miss Margaret Anglin, a member of one of Toronto's most prominent families. Mr. Miller is not only one of the foremost actors in America, but is also a successful business man, which is a rare combination.

James K. Hackett, is a native of Wolfe Island. The comedienne star, Miss May Irwin, and her equally talented sister, Miss Flo Irwin, were born in Whitby, while Hamilton was the birthplace of Miss Julia Arthur, the embodiment of artistic refinement. Miss Roselle Knott, who will star in J. M. Barrie's latest success, "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," and Mr. Andrew

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Robson, a sterling leading man, are and Mr. Wilfred Luca, of Grimsby, is both from the Ambitious City. Mr. with Rose Stahl in "The Chorus Lady," Theodore Roberts, the actor who has added to his reputation by his work in Gilbert Parker's "Right of Way," and Catherine Proctor, of Toronto, now leading lady with Paul Armstrong's "Society and the Bull." Reuben Fax, of Toronto, is with the Belasco star, David Warfield, in "The Grand Army Man," al stamp upon their work.

The success of two of the foremost productions of the present season was dependent largely upon two Canadians. Mr. Reuben Fax, of Toronto, is with the Belasco star, David Warfield, in "The Grand Army Man," al stamp upon their work.

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the street, the police will remove it
to the nearest livery stable and then
lay for the owner.

The only thing you can leave on the
sidewalk or the street with impunity
is a baby. I passed one the other day
when the thermometer was below
zero. She was a beauty, lying on her
back in her carriage, and not a living
soul near her. Of course there
were hundreds and hundreds of people
swarming past, but they paid no
more attention to her than if she were
a homeless dog crouched up against
the doorway of the big store. Her
mother certainly was not to be seen;
she was inside somewhere, and she had
left this priceless thing outside on the
pavement. I went a couple of blocks,
and then turned back to feel the
baby's nose to see if it was frozen; and
was relieved to find that it wasn't.
It was a frosty baby. If someone
would strap her mother down in a big
basket and set her out on the street,
she would freeze her head off in
twenty minutes.

It's a blessed thing that the babies
in this country are frost-proof.

THE Toronto Oratorio Society, formerly the Sherlock Oratorio Society, gave the annual concert at Massey Hall on Thursday evening of last week before a fair-sized audience. They had the valuable assistance of the Conservatory Symphony Orchestra. The principal work presented was Gaul's "Joan of Arc," for chorus, solo voices and orchestra. Gaul's music has the merit of being melodious and easily understood, but no one would accuse the composer of rising to any height of inspiration or impressiveness, and "Joan of Arc" may be said to be one of his representative works in these respects. The society, under the direction of Mr. J. M. Sherlock, gave a rendering of the music that did credit to their instructor. The voices throughout were of pleasing quality, and special praise may be given to the sopranos, who sang throughout with a certain distinction of tone and good precision. The solo work was particularly excellent. In Mrs. Mabel Manley Pickard, the society had a solo soprano whose equal it would be difficult to find without engaging one of the very high priced stars of the concert stage. With a beautiful and clear voice and neat execution she always does justice to any music that is entrusted to her. Mr. Claude Cunningham, the baritone, revealed a splendid voice, and, moreover, clean cut articulation. Mr. Lavin, the tenor, who is no stranger to Toronto, although he has not been heard for some years, pleased the audience so far as the sensuous quality of his voice was concerned. The orchestra was very satisfactory, specially so when playing selections under their own conductor, Mr. Frank Welsman. Mrs. Blight was of great service at the organ, and Miss McKay at the piano was quite satisfactory.

The Vanden Berg Opera Company have been giving, during the week, at the Princess Theatre a series of popular operas at moderate prices. One cannot expect first class ensemble at low charges for seats, and the company does not shine in this respect, but they have a good cast of solo singers and have been giving, so far as the principal parts are concerned, very enjoyable performances. Mme. Baldini, the mezzo soprano; Lucia Nola, soprano; Pierre Gherardi and Wm. Xanten, tenors; Victor Occellier, bass; Umberto Sacchetti, tenor; Laura Moore, soprano, may be mentioned as among the leaders of the company as worthy of frank commendation. The operas produced were: "Carmen," "Faust," "Trovatore," "Rigoletto," "Cavalleria," "Bohemian Girl," and an act of "Martha."

The Mitchell Recorder, of January 10, says of the singing of Miss Wilhelmina Graham, of St. Thomas, a former pupil of Mr. W. H. Dingle, of the Metropolitan School of Music, and later studying with Homer Moore, New York: Miss Graham possesses a well-trained voice in every sense of the term. But she has the rare faculty of concealing her training or concealing her art, and consequently with a voice of remarkable sweetness in every register, coupled with a gracious and unaffected manner, she is a singer that will tempt a listener to settle down in his seat and thoroughly enjoy himself. Perhaps Miss Graham's best number was "Rejoice Greatly" from Handel's "Messiah."

The choir and organ recital given by the Jarvis street Baptist church choir on Monday evening, under the direction of Mr. Edward Broome, will long be remembered as one of the best things of the kind ever done in that church, with its twenty years reputation for good choral music. The programme, arranged with much care, was rendered in a manner that gave pleasure to the most critical. Many of the best numbers were from the pen of Mr. Broome, who brought to Toronto a very enviable reputation as a composer, both in sacred and secular music. The most convincing of these was the descriptive chorus, "Daybreak," to the well-known text by Longfellow, a work replete with scholarly treatment and original ideas; a most effective number for a well-trained choir such as Mr. Broome's. His sacred song, "Crossing the Bar," sung by Miss Helen Ferguson, was quite as attractive in a different style. Other works of Mr. Broome's on the programme were: a highly dramatic setting of "By the Waters of Babylon" and an unaccompanied anthem, "Lead Kindly Light." The most extended number was the cantata, "The Manger Throne," composed by Charles F. Manney, an American composer. In

addition to a varied programme of trios and quartets given by the soloists of the choir, Mr. Broome rendered a number of excellent organ solos, chief among which was Bach's Prelude and Fugue in C minor, played in a most finished and scholarly style. The soloists of the choir were: Miss Bernice Van Horne, soprano; Miss Helen Ferguson, contralto; Mr. Bruce Bradley, tenor, and Mr. A. L. E. Davis, bass. Miss Jessie Perry, accompanist to the Mendelssohn Choir, assisted in her well-known efficient way at the piano. At the close of the programme a banquet was tendered the choir by the church management, one of the happiest features of which was an appreciation and personal reminiscence by Mr. Vogt, who for the first time met the choir and the congregation of the church since his retirement from the chormastership in 1906.

"Mr. James Fiddes has resigned his position as tenor soloist in Queen street Methodist church, to accept a similar one in Sherbourne street Methodist church. Mr. Fiddes is a pupil of Mr. Arthur Blight.

That the fame of the Schubert Choir, under the direction of Mr. H. M. Fletcher, is becoming widespread may be appreciated by the fact of the many requests for the appearance of this organization of 225 voices in the great musical centres of the United States. Among the more recent requests, most flattering invitations have been received from Buffalo, Cleveland and Detroit. Arrangements are now pending regarding a concert to be given in Detroit in conjunction with the Pittsburgh Orchestra, on March 11, one week after the Toronto concerts. Two of the great English choral works to be produced for the first time in Canada will be "King Arthur had Three Sons," Bouton, and "I'haudrig Crohore," Villiers Stanford, both of which have been sung at all the leading festivals in Great Britain, and arouse intense enthusiasm. By reference to the advertising columns it will be seen that subscriptions will be received through the music stores, Massey Hall, members of the chorus, or Phone N. 1198.

"Now that Edward MacDowell is dead," says the N. Y. Evening Post, "musicians, both professional and amateur, will pay more and more attention to his music, and many amateurs are asking themselves what they should begin with. Of the four piano sonatas, the best, perhaps, is the fourth, or 'Keltic,' but all these sonatas are very difficult, and it is advisable to begin with the collections of short pieces—the 'Woodland Sketches,' 'Sea Pieces,' 'New England Idyls,' or 'Fireside Tales.' The charm of these is enhanced by stanzas indicating their poetic purpose, which make these pieces hover, as it were, between instrumental and vocal music. Singers should begin with the 'Eight Songs,' each of which is a jewel—when sympathetically sung. This collection includes 'The Sea,' which Huneker aptly called the greatest song of the sea since Schubert's 'Am Meer.' It is, perhaps, the best of MacDowell's songs—unless we claim that title for the 'Idyl,' one of the three songs in opus 33. Goethe would not have liked this song, for the same reason that he did not like some of the best of Schubert's—because it is even more beautiful than his poem; for, with all his genius and fame, he was a jealous man. Note, in this song, the charming appoggiato at the words, 'Ah! surely they're lovers!' and be sure to sing and play 'slower and softer' where it is indicated; then the song will be found tear-compelling. But, as usually sung, it makes one weep with chagrin. Oh, for the rarity of true artists—singers and players who have the tenderness, the emotional depth, the passion, the sense of tonal beauty, the temperament, to sing or play MacDowell's music as it should be! Amateurs are more apt to have these qualities than professionals, who, like doctors, are apt to become callous; and that is one reason why works of genius have to wait so long for public recognition."

A SUCCESSFUL COMPANY
The annual shareholders' meeting of the Toronto General Trusts Corporation took place Wednesday, Feb. 5th, when exceedingly satisfactory statements of the Corporation's operations for the past year were submitted. These, along with the annual report and the general proceedings, will be found in another part of this issue. It is quite evident that the corporate management of estates has taken deep root in the public mind, as is evidenced by the fact that the Trust Corporation assumed the administration of \$4,000,000.00 of new estates, trusts, etc., during the past year, and after the settlement and distribution of many estates there still remained in its hands at the close of the year assets aggregating close upon \$33,000,000.00.

The net profits for the year, including a small balance brought forward from 1906, are shown by the statement to be \$1,35,688.78, out of which were paid two dividends of three and three-fourths per cent. each, amounting to \$75,000; written off good-will (being balance at debit of this account) to purchase of the Ottawa Trust & Deposit Company's business, \$10,000, and carried to reserve, \$25,000, making this fund \$400,000, leaving a balance to carry forward to the credit of profit and loss of \$25,868.78.

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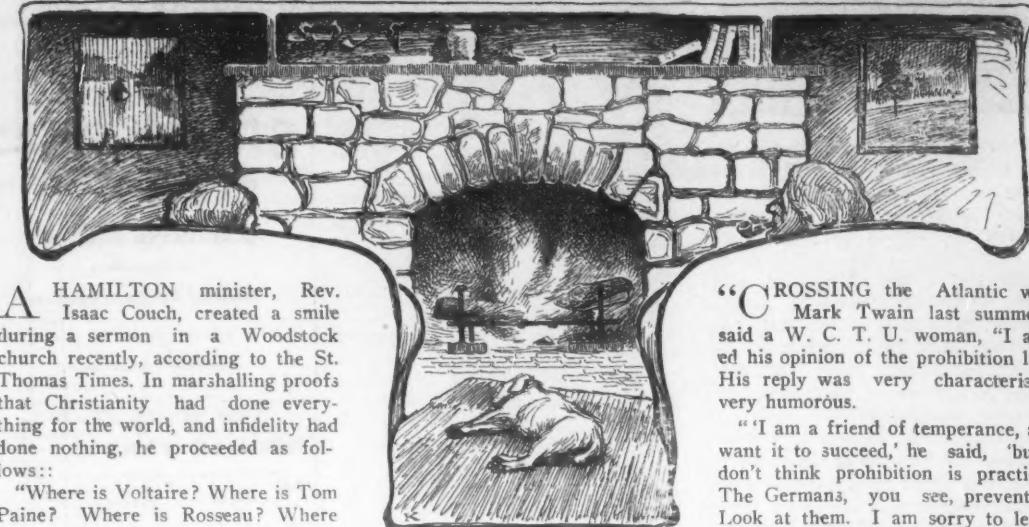
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ANECDOTAL



A HAMILTON minister, Rev. Isaac Couch, created a smile during a sermon in a Woodstock church recently, according to the St. Thomas Times. In marshalling proofs that Christianity had done everything for the world, and infidelity had done nothing, he proceeded as follows:

"Where is Voltaire? Where is Tom Paine? Where is Rousseau? Where is Ingersoll?"

At the latter a perceptible smile passed over the congregation. Then the speaker went on:

"Voltaire is dead. Tom Paine is dead. Rousseau is dead. Ingersoll is dead."

At this the smile became a titter. There is a rivalry between the respective municipalities of Woodstock and Ingersoll, which the minister hadn't thought of.

Just hand me over the whisky decanter," was the reply.

"Why?" said the admiral; "what's the matter with the brandy?"

"That's just what I want to know, Bob," said the guest, "but if you have had it untouched in your possession for more than twenty years there must be something pretty bad the matter with it!"

"Hum," the blond commented, with a worldly wise little smile.

"Well, I don't. I wouldn't!" her friend asserted. "He is not good looking and has such ugly ways."

"Well, perhaps he has ugly ways, but such handsome means!" the other said, and something very near a sigh past the piece of fudge she hastened to put into her mouth.

IT was just after the opening of the polls for the election of mayor in a certain town that two Irishmen met and began discussing the chances of two candidates for aldermen.

"It will be a close race between McGlory and Adolph Mink," said the first Irishman, to which the other rejoined:

"How is it, Clancy, that in so many votes it should be nip and tuck between McGlory and the Dutchman Mink?"

"Well, I'll tell ye," responded the first Irishman; "it's like this. They're both of 'em very unpopular men, McGlory and Mink. If ye knew wan ye'd be certain to vote for the other; and both of them are blamed well known!"

WHEN Wilberforce lived at Marden Hall, in Surrey, he entertained freely, often having such statesmen as Ryder, Burke and Pitt as his guests. On one such occasion Pitt and Ryder had a rather heated political discussion that lasted far into the night. The next morning, while awaiting breakfast, the host took Ryder around his garden.

The early rising Pitt had been before them. In a flower bed they detected something which was not a flower.

"It proved," said Wilberforce, "to be a portion of Ryder's old hat, which Pitt had planted in the soil near the geraniums."

AN Irishman, who had been unfortunate enough to lose both his arms and his legs, was one day sitting in a street of Dublin, with his little tin cup on a stand in front of him, into which the coins did not drop any too plentifully. Presently a Scotchman happened along and looked long and earnestly at the unfortunate man; then, taking a wallet from his pocket he dropped a coin into the little cup.

The Irishman was profuse in his thanks, but the Scot hastened on. He had only gone a few paces, however, when he turned, walked swiftly back and dropped another coin into the beggar's cup. The Irishman called blessings down on the head of his benefactor, who paid no heed, but walked rapidly away, only to return and, for the third time drop a coin into that little tin cup that had never before known such prosperity.

By this time the Irishman's gratitude knew no bounds and, with all the glibness for which his race is famous, he was trying to give expression to it when the Scot cut in with:

"Dinna fash versel' to thank me. It's no' that I'm as sorry for ye, but we're the first Irishman I ever saw trimed ta ma likin'."

The patient inquired: "How is it with you and Mrs. C.?"

D. C., who always employs two servants, a man and his wife, was talking to a patient one day about a couple he had just discharged because the man drank. "It is so strange," he remarked, "but it is always the way with a man and wife. If one is good, the other is no good."

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OTHER POINTS OF VIEW

SENSATIONAL journalism is getting some hard knocks these days. The Presbyterian, of Toronto, has this week an article on the subject which in the main is quite admirable. The Presbyterian refers to the sensational papers as muckrakers. The term was coined, or rather reproduced from the literary rag-bag, by President Roosevelt as an apt one with which to stigmatize journals such as Everybody's Magazine, which have lately indulged in a pharisaical campaign against vices typical of the age—corporation greed and crime, etc. The phrase has been applied to those who, from alleged selfish and mercenary motives, have raked hidden misdeeds of the trusts and others into an odorous mass, and virtuously invited the public to gaze thereon. The indictment against the muckraker is that he is a foolish and sensational critic, a humbug indulging in cant. However, there is no reason—except that it is somewhat confusing—why the term muckraker should not also be applied to newspapers that publish sensations and scandals for no other reason, or under no pretence, than because a great many people seem to enjoy such reading.

The Presbyterian points out that the story told by the daily paper must necessarily be of a many-hued character; that it would not give a full and accurate picture of life if it did not present the shadow as well as the light, the mean as well as the heroic, the vicious as well as the virtuous, the tragedy and the comedy. But, this paper continues: "It would be an equally untrue picture that presented only the base and tragic side of life, or that gave it an undue prominence by pushing it into the foreground. And that is what papers of the baser type, known to the reading world as 'yellow journals' are constantly doing." The Presbyterian is exactly right. The duty of the newspaper is to present the daily story with a due regard to the relative value of all the incidents little and big, of which it is comprised. If this were done, such matters as the Thaw trial would receive much less attention; the miserable details of such a case would be omitted altogether. However, we find the Montreal Witness saying: "It is an axiom in journalism that things interest the newspaper reader in exact inverse proportion to their real importance." And this prompts a writer in the St. John's News to remark that if this is true it is a sorry commentary on the results of our so-called education. This writer continues: "And unfortunately there seems to be a great deal of truth in the assertion made by The Witness, which cites as an example the fuss made over Mr. Hall Caine's trouvers. This gentleman, it would seem, appeared recently in the Isle of Man 'Parliament' in knickerbockers—and lo! the event is forthwith cabled everywhere, and provokes any amount of discussion! Contrast this with the amount of space given to a lecture delivered by Prof. Robertson, head of the Macdonald College, a few days ago. Whose fault is it, the editors' or the readers'? The public are not able to tell newspaper editors what to choose. Is it not perhaps the editors themselves who are at fault? Do they not perhaps show a certain fine contempt for their readers by providing them with the most ephemeral trash, instead of solid matter—matter which is of real, vital importance? Who really cares a brass farthing for the style of continuations which Mr. Caine affects?"

Another point from The Presbyterian's article may perhaps be set up as an answer to these questions. The point is that "the very cleverness with which loathsome details are featured" goes a long way toward gaining a wider audience than would otherwise be obtained—an audience including many whose minds and tastes are not depraved.

MMR. CHIOZZA MONEY, an English member of Parliament, writes to a London newspaper to give some good advice to British workmen and to tell them of some of their faults. Mr. Money has observed that in America workmen wear gloves at their labor, and that papers read by workmen on this continent are full of advertisements of overalls. The gloved workman, he is convinced, is the best workman. He says:

"He is no true friend to the working classes in this country who does not tell them of their faults, and this paragraph deals with one of them. When we compare the British workman with the American or German workman, it is impossible not to be struck with the higher standard of regard for personal appearance which characterizes the British workman's competitors. Proper personal pride is a thing to cultivate. The overall

of these remarks are interesting, even to Canadians:

"The proposition is often repeated in one form or another. What is really means is that, in New York, and possibly Chicago, a distinguished scholar is not asked to dinner by the local aristocracy as often as he would be if he lived in London or Paris. In about every other American seat of learning the University Faculty occupies socially what might be termed the bald-headed row."

"What we wish to know is whether American scholarship is really a plant of so tender growth that it droops in the absence of the smiles of Fifth Avenue and the Lake Shore Drive. Does the keen intellect which might penetrate the ultimate secret of the stars faint and fail because Mrs. George Washington Smith neglected to invite it to her musicale? The point should be elucidated to a country which spends more for education than any other, and wants its money's worth."

To Saint Valentine.

OSWEET Saint Valentine, your holiday Is laughed at now, as being out of date; Though once, indeed, you held your gentle sway O'er men and maidens, fearful of their fate.

Is it that modern teachers educate Their charges in a sad, prosaic way; And from the calendar eliminate, O sweet Saint Valentine, your holiday?

The Patron Saint of lovers! Must you stray From off our path? Have we grown so sedate. That we must scorn your token, which, they say, Is laughed at now, as being out of date?

Unkindly modern pedants love to prate, To marshal all their facts in dull array. To show how you have had to abdicate; Though once, indeed, you held your gentle sway.

Far better were the times, unlearned, gay, When you were throned, and ruled in happy state— Let him deny the truth of this, who may— O'er men and maidens, fearful of their fate.

It is the fashion, now, to desecrate The old beliefs; to hurry to decay Old cherished customs. Shall we learn too late The price which, for our folly, we must pay, O sweet Saint Valentine?

—Pall Mall Magazine.

The Founding of Tammany

THE notorious New York society, Tammany, was founded in 1789 by William Mooney, an Irishman by descent, an American by birth, an upholsterer by trade, and, according to Success, an organizer and doubtless an agitator by instinct.

Mooney and most of the men associated in the founding of Tammany had been members of the Sons of Liberty. With the close of the Revolution this society was disbanded, it being assumed that its work was done.

The suspicions of the proletarian were aroused when Alexander Hamilton threw his powerful influence and protection over the hated Tories. They found themselves powerless to prevent to office men known to have been Royalists.

They had no votes with which to prevent this, and the proud patricians smiled scornfully as they paused at the doors of coffee houses and taverns and listened to the denunciations of these landless and therefore disgruntled patriots.

Conspicuous among the resorts frequented by the New York proletarian was Barden's, or the City Tavern. This was located on Broadway, not far from Bowing Green, and within a stone's throw of the present Standard Oil Building.

The tavern was the forum of popular debate in those days, and if we were permitted to examine the original drafts of many famous and patriotic documents we would likely find them stained with ale and Jamaica rum. It was a day when the preacher drank his toddy from the pulpit and in which neither temperance nor abstinence was esteemed as virtues.

William Maclay and Robert Morris were the first Senators from Pennsylvania and both attended the initial session of Congress in New York city. Senator Maclay kept a journal of its proceedings, and his comments and deductions are the delight of close students of history. Under date

LABATT'S SALE

Is made from tested, natural spring water, selected barley malt, and a blend of the choicest growth of hops. No substitutes for hops or barley are used. An aid to digestion and a cause of comfort after meals.

FULL OF THE VIRTUES OF BARLEY AND HOPS



We want you to know and see for yourself what a difference the Bed makes in the comfort and enjoyment possible from a night's rest. Sleep on a

HERCULES SPRING BED

for 80 nights and if you are not satisfied that you enjoyed added comfort—your dealer will refund your money. The name is stamped on the frame of every genuine Hercules—don't take a substitute or a bed having a name somewhat similar. Practical tests prove that the patent interlacing gives Hercules Spring Beds five times the strength of ordinary beds—doesn't let them sag or lose their springiness—the Hercules affords the body the support which it must have if one is to enjoy restful sleep. Look for the name "HERCULES" on every frame.

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AT THE THEATRE

or on a motoring tour, a pair of our opera or field glasses will give you an added pleasure. We have them from \$4.00 to \$25.00.

Do you keep an extra pair of glasses in case of emergency? Accidents are liable to happen. See us about them.

Kodaks and supplies always on hand. We will take care of all your developing, if you mail your films to us.

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ENGLAND'S FAVORITE GIN.

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Now Popular in Canada.

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LONDON, ENGLAND.

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CHAPS have no terrors for the girl who has a bottle of Campana's Italian Balm on her dressing table. Spite of March winds and raw air her hands are always white and smooth and her lips and cheeks soft. It's more than worth while to be sure you get the REAL Campana's Italian Balm, and not a substitute.

25c. at your Druggists

E. G. WEST & CO. - - TORONTO

of May 12, 1790, we find this entry:

"This day exhibited a grotesque scene in the streets of New York. Being the old First of May, the Sons of St. Tammany had a grand parade through the town in Indian dress. The foreman came along to see how the work was progressing, and noticed that one of them was doing more work than the other.

"There seems to be some sort of a scheme laid off erecting some sort of order or society under this denomination, but it does not seem well digested as yet. The expense of the dresses must have been considerable, and the money laid out on clothing might have dressed some of their ragged beggars. But the weather is now warm."

"Look here," he cried, "how is it that little Dennis Duggan, who is only half your size, is doing nearly twice as much work as you, Patrick?"

Glancing down to his partner, Pat replied: "And why shouldn't he? Ain't he nearer to it?"

"Are the returns all in?" asked the nervous candidate on the night of election. "Not quite," replied his faithful henchman, grimly, "but enough to show that you are." —Puck.

The Toronto General Trusts Corporation

Report of Proceedings of the Twenty-sixth Annual General Meeting

The Twenty-sixth Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the Toronto General Trusts Corporation was held in the Board Room of the Corporation, on the corner of Yonge and Coborne streets, Toronto, on Wednesday, the 5th February, 1908.

There were present:—

John Hoskin, K.C., Hon. S. C. Wood, W. B. Couch, W. J. Jones, D'Arcy Martin, John L. Blaikie, G. S. May, Sir Aemilius Irving, W. D. Matthews, W. R. Brock, J. W. Langmuir, E. T. Malone, James Henderson, Frederick Wyld, Thomas Long, Edward Galley, Hon. Senator Jaffray, A. D. Langmuir, W. G. Watson, Samuel Nordheimer, A. L. Malone, Harry Caldwell, Geo. A. Stimson, Edward Greig, J. G. Scott, K.C., Alexander Nairn, Mr. Fiedler, Hon. J. J. Foy, J. Bruce Macdonald, Alexander Smith.

The President, Dr. Hoskin, took the chair, and Mr. A. D. Langmuir, the Assistant Manager, was appointed to act as Secretary.

The various financial statements showing the operations of the Corporation for the year ended 31st December, 1907, were submitted by the Managing Director, Mr. J. W. Langmuir, and commented upon by him.

The Report to the Shareholders was then read, as follows:—

Twenty-Sixth Annual Report of the Directors of the Toronto General Trusts Corporation for the Year Ended 31st December, 1907

To the Shareholders:—

Your Directors have pleasure in submitting the Twenty-sixth Annual Report of the Corporation, accompanied by the usual statements, showing its operations for the year 1907, and the financial results of the same.

During the year new business has been accepted by the Corporation to the amount of \$3,982,831.72, as follows:—

Executorships	\$ 834,402
Administrations	352,115 40
Trustships	2,060,325 45
Guardianships	26,538 08
Agencies	374,593 14
Guaranteed Investments	264,698 66
Ordinary Investment Agencies	15,828 00
Lunatic Estates	24,332 40
	\$3,952,831 72

In addition to this new work, the Corporation has been appointed Trustee for Bond issues for a considerable amount.

The gross profits derived from the various branches of the Corporation's business are clearly set out in the Profit and Loss Statement here-with submitted, amounting to \$262,726.54. After deducting the entire cost of management at the Head Office and the Winnipeg and Ottawa Branches, amounting to \$137,599.37, the net profits, including the balance brought forward from 1906, are shown to be \$135,868.78.

Your Directors have declared and paid two semi-annual dividends at the rate of seven and one-half per cent. (7 1/2%) per annum, amounting to \$75,000; have written off balance of amount paid for the good-will and assets of the Ottawa Trust Company, viz.: \$10,000; have carried \$25,000 to Rest Account, bringing that fund up to \$400,000, and have carried forward to the credit of Profit and Loss Account the sum of \$25,868.78.

The by-law fixing the number of Directors of the Corporation at twenty-five, instead of number varying from fifteen to thirty, was passed by the Board, and will be submitted for your sanction. The Board of Directors have appointed the following gentlemen to make up the number of directors to twenty-five for the unexpired portion of the year, namely:—

The Hon. J. M. Gibson, K.C., Mr. Hamilton Cassels, K.C., and Mr. J. Bruce Macdonald.

All which is respectfully submitted.

J. W. LANGMUIR,
Managing Director.
Toronto, February 5th, 1908.

JOHN HOSKIN,
President.

PROFIT AND LOSS

Year Ended 31st December, 1907.

To salaries, rents, Provincial tax, and all office expenses at the Head Office, Ottawa and Winnipeg	\$105,030 22
To fees paid President, Vice-Presidents and Directors and their assistants, Advisory Boards and Committees	12,791 00
To Commission paid for Capital and Guaranteed Loans and expenses for superintendence of real estate and collection of rents	19,778 15
To Net Profits for year	125,127 17
To balance at credit of Profit and Loss, Jan. 1st, 1907	10,741 01
	135,868 78
To Dividends No. 51 and 52	\$ 75,000 00
To amount carried off Good Will, bringing balance per purchase of the Ottawa Trust & Deposit Company business	10,000 00
To amount carried to Reserve Fund	25,000 00
To balance carried forward	110,000 00
	25,868 78
	\$135,868 78
By balance brought forward from 31st December, 1906	\$ 13,841 61
By amount paid by shareholders to Auditors for the year ended 31st December, 1906	3,100 00
By Commission earned for management of estates, collection of revenue, etc.	108,678 48
By Interest on Capital Stock and Reserve, including arrears of interest, recovered and profits on Guaranteed and Court Funds	131,174 76
By Net Rents from Office buildings at Toronto and Ottawa	15,934 72
By Net Rents from Safe Deposit Vaults at Toronto and Ottawa	6,838 58
	262,726 54
	\$273,468 15
By balance brought down	125,868 78
	\$135,868 78

ASSETS AND LIABILITIES STATEMENT.

As at 31st December, 1907.

ASSETS.

Capital Account.

Mortgages on Real Estate	\$955,373 10
Bonds and Debentures	80,213 98
Loans on Stocks and Bonds	6,250 23
Real Estate, Office Buildings and Safe Deposit Vaults at Ottawa and Coborne	390,861 50
Sundry Assets	10,617 90
Cash on hand and in Banks	75,322 72
	\$1,469,968 78

Trust, Guarantee and Agency Accounts.

Mortgages on Real Estate	\$12,205,195 47
Debentures	2,912,250 23
Stocks and Bonds	6,250 23
Loans on Stocks, Bonds and Debentures	465,866 89
Sundry Assets	13 97
Cash on hand and in Banks	514,014 24
	\$16,654,331 63

Trust Estates and Agencies.

Unrealized Original Assets, including Real Estate, Mortgages, Debentures, Stocks and Bonds, etc., at Inventory Value	14,785,702 27
For Investment or Distribution	\$16,654,331 63

Trust Estates and Agencies.

Inventory Value of Unrealized Original Assets of Estates and Agencies under Administration by Corporation	\$14,785,702 27
	\$32,909,902 68

AUDITORS' CERTIFICATE.

We, the undersigned, beg to report that we have made a full examination of the books, accounts, and vouchers of the Toronto General Trusts Corporation to the 31st December, 1907, and find the same to be correct

and properly set forth in the above statement of Profit and Loss and Assets and Liabilities. We have examined and find in order all the mortgages, debentures, bonds, and scrip of the Corporation, as well as those negotiated for the Supreme Court of Judicature for Ontario, and Trusts, Estates and Agencies in the Corporation's hands, and have checked same with the Mortgage and Debenture Ledgers and Registers. The Bankers' balances, after deducting outstanding cheques, agree with the books of the Corporation.

We have also examined the Reports of the Auditors of the Winnipeg and Ottawa Branches, and find that they agree with the Head Office books.

R. F. SPENCE, F.C.A., Can. 1

GEORGE MACBETH, Auditors.

Toronto, January 29th, 1908.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

The President, Dr. John Hoskin, K.C., in moving the adoption of the report, said:—

I think you will agree with me that I am warranted in congratulating the Shareholders, and not only the Shareholders, but the many thousand persons who are directly interested in the operations of this Corporation, on the excellent showing as exhibited in the statements which have just been read by the Managing Director.

We do not pretend to be a great money-making Corporation for our Shareholders, although we have always paid them a good dividend, and have built up, almost entirely out of surplus profits, a Reserve of \$400,000. We do claim, however, that by strictly and exclusively confining ourselves, as we have done for the past quarter of a century, to a trust and agency business, and by avoiding every species of speculation, we have laid the foundation broad and deep of a great and much needed monetary institution that now occupies an important place in the financial community.

That a corporate executor and trustee has distinct and well defined advantages over individuals acting in these capacities does not in this case admit of a doubt, and when these advantages can be availed of by persons desiring to make their wills, or to create trusts, without increased cost, indeed at considerable less cost than by appointing an individual executor and trustee, it is not to be wondered at that this Corporation should have already assumed enormous proportions. That our charges are most reasonable is conclusively shown from the fact that out of nearly thirty-three millions of business in our hands at the end of the year, our net profits were only \$135,000.

The Board of Directors are firmly convinced that the Corporation's business should continue to be strictly confined to the management of estates and trusts, and that even in the investment of our own capital we should entirely avoid speculation, and I am fully convinced that by the continuance of the principles and methods which we have adopted in the past this Corporation will grow and flourish long after we are all gone. I move the adoption of the Report, seconded by Vice-President Wood.

I will now call upon the Managing Director to address you.

MANAGING DIRECTOR'S ADDRESS.

Mr. J. W. Langmuir, the Managing Director, said:—

The Financial Statements which have just been submitted should, I think, be satisfactory to all concerned. These statements very clearly show the general operations of the Corporation for the past year. It will be seen that our profits are derived from two chief sources: First, compensation for the management of estates, trusts, and work of a kindred character, including trusteeships for bond issues, as well as for acting as Registrar and Transfer Agent. This class of work is known as our "Trust and Agency" business. Second, from interest on our invested capital and reserve, and surplus interest over and above the rate we pay to investors under the Guaranteed Investment System, as well as from rents of our office buildings in Toronto and Ottawa and the Safe Deposit Vaults therein. This we designate our "Investment" business.

The profits of the trust and agency business consist of the compensation allowed to us by the Courts on passing our accounts for the management of estates, trusts, etc., as well as compensation arrived at by the mutual arrangement of the parties interested. The rule of the Corporation is not to take any compensation into its profits, unless an agreement exists, until the Courts have passed the accounts and awarded the commission, although in many instances a large proportion of the compensation for the management of the estate may have been earned. It will be obvious, therefore, that there will always be a very considerable amount of earned profits that have not been taken into our statement at the end of the year, and that the income from this branch of the business largely depends upon the number of estates in which the accounts have been passed and the commission paid during the year.

The revenue arising from our investment business is, of course, of a more fixed character, but also depends on the rate of interest that obtains during the year and the rents received from our buildings and vaults.

Respecting the expense of management there is, perhaps, no branch of fiscal work requiring greater care and experience than the management of a large mass of estates, trusts and administrations. The variety of the work, as well as its great importance, demands capable and experienced service which can only be obtained by payment of proper salaries. And yet in the matter of economical administration the Corporation compares favorably with other financial institutions, not excepting loan companies, where, it will be admitted, the business is far less complex and exacting than is that of a trust company.

Our total expenses of administration for the year amount to \$137,599.37, which sum represents approximately only two-fifths of one per cent. of the volume of assets under the Corporation's control, which percentage may be interesting for comparative purposes.

The Profit and Loss Statement shows that, including the small balance brought forward from the previous year, and after deducting all charges and expenses for the management of the business both at the Head Office and its Branches, as well as making provision for every ascertained loss, the net profits for the year amounted to \$135,868.78. These profits have been dealt with by the Board of Directors as follows:—(First) By payment of two semi-annual dividends at the rate of seven and one-half per cent. per annum, amounting to \$75,000.00; (Second) The writing off of \$10,000.00 which stood at the debit of the purchase of the good-will and assets of the Ottawa business; (Third) Placing to the Rest Account \$25,000.00, making that fund \$400,000.00, and (Fourth) Carrying forward to the credit of Profit and Loss \$25,868.78.

The Assets and Liabilities Statement for the year shows a very satisfactory increase in the net volume of business in the hands of the Corporation, the total assets as at December 31, 1907, being \$32,909,902.63, an increase of over one and one-half million dollars during the year. While on the subject of assets let me again repeat that the Corporation's system provides for the keeping of Trust Assets strictly separate and apart from its own funds. Not only is this the case, but every investment is specifically allocated and ear-marked in the books of the Corporation as the property of the particular estate or trust for which it is taken.

It may also be of interest to know that our office is so departmentalized that whatever the nature of the assets coming into the hands of the Corporation, whether real estate, mortgages, stocks and bonds, insurance policies, or going concerns, expert administration of such assets is provided in a manner that could not be procured by individual executors except at great cost to the estate.

The trust company is one of the few business institutions whose services may be secured to-day at no greater cost than obtained ten years ago, when salaries, values of real estate, and all mercantile commodities were at least one-third less than they are now. The proprietors of most businesses have very justly advanced the prices of their services or goods, as the cost of production has increased, but the trust company is being allowed by the Courts no more compensation to-day. If, indeed, as much, as was allowed when the cost of administration was very considerably less. While this is, perhaps, not an encouraging feature from a shareholder's standpoint, it must surely appeal to one seeking the services of a Corporate Executor or Trustee.

I avail myself of this meeting with the shareholders to ask them to do a little missionary work for the Corporation. You are not only interested in the Corporation as shareholders, but may I be permitted to say, that you are also interested in giving effect to the principles and methods of the Corporation.

I have a text for basing an argument in favor of using the Corporation as executor and trustee instead of an individual. I submit that if a trust is committed to an individual there is no assurance that he will live to execute it, or that he will keep in such health as will enable him to give the proper attention; accident or unexpected circumstances

**Society at
the Capital**

GREAT interest is being shown in the Capital—and judging from the number of entries, also in other parts of the Dominion—in the coming Earl Grey Musical and Dramatic Trophy Competition, for which arrangements are now almost complete, and which will open on February 24 in the Russell Theatre. The week promises to be a very gay one, socially as well as theatrically. The entries closed on the 1st February and include two dramatic companies and one musical, from Toronto, which are Lt.-Col. Denison's Dramatic Company composed of a number of very talented amateurs who will present "Brother Officers"; the Dickens Fellowship Company of players whose production will be "The Cricket on the Hearth," and the August Wilhelm opera who will compete for the musical trophy. From Montreal four dramatic companies propose to compete and are the Aubrey Amateur Stock Co., who will put on "The Chorus Lady"; the Montreal Amateur Dramatic Club, who will present a comical little play entitled "Second Floor Spoopendy"; the New Garrick Club, whose choice is a very pretty play called "Naval Engagements," and Miss Frances de Wolfe Fenwick will bring a company of clever amateurs from Montreal who will present a play from Miss Fenwick's pen entitled "The Society for the Protection of Suffering Servants," in which Miss Fenwick will personate several of the various characters herself. Montreal has also entered the Amateur Orchestral Society for the Musical Trophy. Quebec is sending the Troop Iberville, and the Chimes Opera Company of Winnipeg will be the only competitors from the far West, and will give the "Cloches de Corneville." Ottawa will be represented by three dramatic companies and three musical, the former including a play called "Joseph Entangled," which the Ottawa Garrison Club, directed by Capt. P. E. Prudeaux will put on, and an original play, "Food and Folly," written and managed by Mr. H. MacDonald Walters and Mr. W. W. Edgar. The latter will be preceded by a short sketch, "A Light from St. Agnes." The Ottawa Players' Club have also entered and will present a one-act play called "The Artist's Dream." Ottawa's musical entries are the Ottawa Choral Society, the Orpheus Glee Club and the Canadian Conservatory of Music String Orchestra. The Burlington Pickwick Club of Burlington, Ont., will also send a company of dramatists who will play "Pickwick Up-to-Date." As, however, there are seventeen entries and only twelve can be accommodated during the week, putting on two each evening, four will necessarily have to be cut out, the arrangements for managing which have not yet been decided on by the executive committee.

Several most charmingly arranged dinners have taken place in the Capital lately, as well as a number of equally delightful luncheons. One of the former was given by Hon. A. B. and Mrs. Aylesworth and was perfect in every detail. Their guests on the occasion included Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, Hon. Clifford and Mrs. Sifton, Sir Louis and Lady Davies, Hon. R. F. and Mrs. Sutherland, Hon. Frank and Mrs. Oliver, Sir Frederick and Lady Borden, Dr. and Mrs. Robert Bell, Col. and Mrs. J. Lyons Biggar, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Newcombe and Mr. and Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber. Mrs. Aylesworth was also the hostess of an equally enjoyable luncheon on Thursday given in honor of her guest, Mrs. Lister, of Toronto, when the table was most artistically arranged, the flowers used being pink-white roses, a basket of which rested on a mirror in the centre of the table surrounded with puffs of pale pink tulle in which nestled numerous pink and white rosebuds. Pink shaded candelabra were placed at the sides and pink shades on the lights around the room shed a becoming glow on the surroundings, the effect being extremely pretty. Mrs. Aylesworth's guests on this occasion were Lady Laurier, and her visitor, Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, of Toronto, Mrs. Oliver, Mrs. Sifton, Lady Taschereau, Madame Lemieux, Mrs. R. L. Borden, Mrs. J. S. Ewart, Mrs. A. P. Sherwood, Mrs. George Perley, Mrs. George Henderson, Mrs. Duncan Macpherson. Mrs. Lister is to-day the special guest at a luncheon given by Lady Davies and on Thursday Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber will also entertain at luncheon in her honor.

Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier on Wednesday evening invited several guests to dine and meet Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, of Toronto, who are spending a week with them. Those invited were Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Roy, of Edmonton, Hon. L. P. Brodeur, Madame Lemieux, of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy Scott and Mr. E. B. Devlin, M.P. Pink carnations and lily of the valley made a most dainty and attractive table decoration.

The most exciting event of the week to the younger and gayer set of society folk was the dance at Government House on Thursday evening, which was limited to a couple of hundred invitations. Although it was a very cold night, the coldest of this very cold winter, the long drive to Rideau Hall, deterred none of the invitees from turning up and it was conceded by all to have been the most thoroughly enjoyable affair that has taken place at Government House for a very long time, the formality which always characterizes a State gathering being conspicuous by its absence. The devotees of the "gay fantastic" were decidedly in the majority. Her Excellency, beautifully gowned in black satin de soie over white chiffon and satin trimmed with handsome cut jet, and wearing her magnificent diamond tiara and necklace, received in the earlier part of the evening in the drawing-room, the more tardy arrivals finding her at the entrance to the ball room. Lady Evelyn Grey received with Her Excellency and was also in black over white chiffon and silk, the corsage trimmed with silver sequins. Hon. Sybil Broderick wore pale green satin with white tulle on the bodice and a wreath of foliage in her hair. Mrs. St. Aubyn, a member of Government House party, was in pale grey satin, Miss McCook, of New York, also a guest of their Excellencies, wore an exceedingly handsome costume of white satin embroidered in pink rose design, and her sister, Miss Martha McCook's gown was an extremely pretty one of flowered chiffon with trimmings of pale blue. Miss Clark, of Toronto, daughter of the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, who came to the Capital especially for this bright event, wore white satin. Another Toronto guest, who looked particularly well, was Mrs. Anglin, in pale blue satin with pink rosebuds trimming the corsage. Mrs. Cawthra Mulock's gown was one of the handsomest in the room, being of deep blue satin richly embroidered, and she wore magnificent diamond ornaments. The decorations in the gold and white ballroom were carried out in red, poinsettias and red Chinese lanterns being utilized, the latter hanging from the electroliers and among the banks of palms at the end of the room and also shedding a comfortable glow in the corridors where comfortable sitting-out nooks were arranged. A wealth of golden daffodils adorned the buffet in the dining-room and red was again the color chosen for the decorations in the supper room, where, cosily ensconced at various small tables everyone did ample justice to a delicious menu at midnight. Altogether it was decided by the young people that so far as this season is concerned, this dance was the "best ever."

Limited space forbids the description of various other interesting gatherings of the week, both large and small, among which were the two weekly dinners at Government House, a luncheon at which Miss Mary Scott entertained a number of sessional visitors on Thursday; a large reception given by Mrs. R. L. Borden, also on Thursday; a dinner on that day at which Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Ewart entertained; a large At Home earlier in the week at which Sir Louis and Lady Davies welcomed over three hundred guests, and a particularly smart dinner given by Col. and Mrs. Hanbury Williams on Wednesday in honor of their visitor, Miss Dorothy Chamberlain.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, Feb. 3, 1908.

To my Valentine.

HERE shines afar
A star,
Whose lustrous light,
Fair as white beams
In dreams,
Makes bright the night.

Love, like that star
You are
Its counterpart;
Come weel or woe,
You glow,
Star o' my heart!
—Owen E. McGillicuddy, in The Canadian Magazine.

"Nothing doing!" Is that slang? I thought it was (says a writer in *The Wasp*) until last night, when I came upon the words in Dickens' "Dombey & Son." In chapter IV. old Sol Gill is explaining to his nephew Walter why the shop must be closed and the business abandoned. "You see, Walter," said he, "in truth this business is merely a habit with me. I am so accustomed to the habit that I could hardly live if I relinquished it; but there's nothing doing, nothing doing." So you see, the phrase had its pathetic fitness half a century ago, and is not slang at all.

Mr. T. H. Smallman has been president for several years. The first energetic secretary, Mr. J. B. Kilgour, now of Toronto, was succeeded by Capt. Campbell Becher, who now holds the office.

Hon. Adam Beck, the master, and Mrs. Beck, have brought the London Club into much prominence this past year through the splendid success of their horses at the International Horse Show in London, England, in June.

Tobogganing has been a popular

The London Hunt

Described as the Most Picturesque Country Club in Ontario.

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED. "The House That Value Built."

Parquetry Floors

Practical, Handsome, Inexpensive. Every Home-Owner and Builder Should Investigate this Modern Method of Floor Decoration.



Parquetry Floors, as sold and laid by us, have been brought within reach of any home-builder. Modern methods have made production easier, and no longer are these beautiful patterned halls and floors exclusive to the mansion or the big public edifices.

Parquetry Floors consist of strips of hardwood, fastened together at the edges and on backs, in slabs of convenient sizes for laying. These are laid and nailed down to the underfloor, in beautiful patterns and designs formed by the contrasting colors of the different woods and the method of laying. The woods are Cherry, Oak, Mahogany, Maple, etc.

And who would not have such a floor, with its manifold advantages? Certainly nothing is more handsome or cleanly—for the hard smooth surface offers no nooks and crannies for dirt and dust. It is the ideal flooring for all who use carpet squares and rugs. Its permanency minimizes the cost.

We can for instance supply a first-class oak floor, laid and finished, for as low as, per square foot 20c.

**We Invite you to get full information about parquetry floors—
their advantages and cost. It is given gladly and freely, either
at the store or by our representative on the spot.**

THIRD FLOOR—CARPET DEPT.

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED.

190 YONGE STREET,
TORONTO

winter amusement, and when the snow is deep enough snowshoeing tramps, followed by supper at the club, are frequent.

Though the Hunt Club has been in existence for several years, it was not until late in the 90's that it was felt that the royal game of golf would be a decided acquisition. Golf was becoming so popular in Canada that, in order to keep pace with the times, golf links were realized to be a necessity.

The original members were the late Col. John Peters, first master; Dr. Niven, the late Harry Becher, Col. A. M. Smith, W. T. Strong, Col. Dawson, Robert Wallace, the late John Fulcher, and the late David Skivington.

A lowly, disused pig pen on Oak street housed the four original hounds and the meets took place in the east end of the city at the old race course.

It was not until two years later that the social element was added, and a small club house secured north of the "Glenmore," The Hunt Club, or the "Kennels," as it is familiarly called, became the centre of much of the social life of the city, and it was soon found necessary to remove to more commodious quarters.

Other sports have been added from time to time, but hunting with hounds is still the primary object of the club. During the autumn season meets are held at least once or twice a week, several members of the fair sex entering with zest into the chase.

In London Township one of the most ideal hunting grounds in the province is found, beautiful landscape, rolling country, such obstacles as water leaps, hedges and fences. Fox-hunting is impossible, owing to the barb wire fences, but trail-hunting for which the rolling country is best adapted is much enjoyed.

No friction occurs with the farmers, who are thoroughly in sympathy with, and extend to the huntsman every opportunity in the way of freedom of fields and grounds. The members of the club reciprocate by entertaining the farmers and their families once a year at a dinner, or by giving a gymkhana.

The first master was the late Col. John Peters, the second the late David Skivington; third, the late Harry Becher; fourth, Dr. Niven; fifth, Dr. Harry Abbott; sixth, Mr. George C. Gibbons; seventh, Col. A. M. Smith, and finally the mantle fell upon Hon. Adam Beck, who has won it with distinction for the past seven or eight years.

Mr. T. H. Smallman has been president for several years. The first energetic secretary, Mr. J. B. Kilgour, now of Toronto, was succeeded by Capt. Campbell Becher, who now holds the office.

Hon. Adam Beck, the master, and Mrs. Beck, have brought the London Club into much prominence this past year through the splendid success of their horses at the International Horse Show in London, England, in June.

Tobogganing has been a popular

ther. A match or competition is usually an accompanying feature.

But whatever the season, "Glenmore" is always the centre of merriment and activity. Scarce an afternoon throughout the summer season passes but happy little groups gather on the verandas and lawns to enjoy the pleasant breezes, the grateful shade and afternoon tea. Luncheon is twice as attractive when served al fresco at the Hunt Club.

In the dreary or cold days of late autumn, winter or early spring, when gales blow, when natural bunkers, and the small stream of the river, which is crossed by bridges less than six times, making it a most interesting hazard.

The

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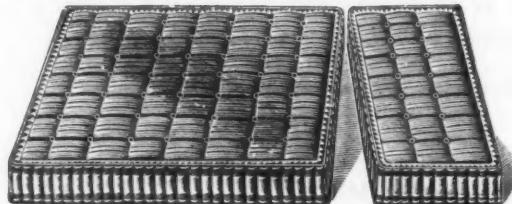
GERHARD HEINTZMAN PIANOS

Hold the Place of Honor as
Canada's Most Artistic Piano

SALESROOMS:

97 Yonge St., Toronto. Cor. King and Catherine, Hamilton

Sanitary Bedding



WHEN one reflects that most people spend in bed not less than eight hours out of every twenty-four, the importance of clean and healthful bedding becomes very apparent.

We are specialists in this line, using the greatest care that our mattresses, pillows and springs of every grade shall be pure, clean and sanitary, as well as comfortable and restful.

In the following list we quote prices on a few principal lines:

Kay's Super Extra Horse Hair Mattress	\$35.00	Kay's No. 1 Box Spring, most luxurious and comfortable	\$17.50
Kay's Special Hair Mattress	\$18.50	Kay's No. 2 Box Spring	\$13.50
Kay's Special Felt Mattress, made of layers of fine purified cotton felt	\$14.50	Kay's Ideal Spiral Spring for Brass Bedsteads	\$8.00
Kay's No. 2 Cotton Felt Mattress	\$11.00	Kay's Guaranteed Woven Wire Spring	\$3.75
Kay's No. 3 Cotton Felt Mattress	\$9.00	Kay's No. 2 Woven Wire Spring	\$3.00
Kay's Fibre and Felt Mattress	\$6.00	Kay's No. 3 Woven Wire Spring	\$2.50
Kay's No. 1 Sanitary Mixed Mattress	\$4.50	Kay's Best All Goose Feather Pillows, per pair	\$6.00
Kay's No. 3 Sanitary Mixed Mattress	\$3.00	Kay's No. 2 Excellent All Goose Feather Pillows, per pair	\$5.00
Marshall Sanitary Mattress, full size	\$25.00	Kay's No. 3 All Goose Feather Pillows, per pair	\$3.75

JOHN KAY COMPANY LIMITED

36 and 38 KING STREET WEST

From "Abe Martin's Almanack."

PARENTS that name their daughters "Goldie" will have to take th' consequences.

Th' photograff art has reached such perfection that it's purty hard to tell anybody from th' pictures these days unless they've got a funny nose or whiskers.

In these days when folks come a stragglin' in th' the-ater at all hours it's purty hard to git your money's worth unless you play in the orchestra.

What has become o' th' ole fashioned family doctor with th' long whiskers, that allus wanted to be cuttin' somebody's leg off?

You can't buy nothin' in some towns on th' Sabbath but Sunday newspapers, an' th' hain't nothin' in them after you blow th' froth off.

Young Lafe Bud says his wife spent a hundred an' eighty dollars last year practisin' on newspaper recipes.

If the newspapers would refuse to print football fatalities and pictures of the players the game would not last as long as a circus concert.

You don't often run against anything as silly as a young widow.

Mrs. Tilford Moots' nephew from Ohio is visitin' her. He's quite a

feller an' makes twenty-one dollars a week when he's not strikin'.

A mollycoddle is a fellow who washes dishes while his wife plays golf.

Ther's been a noticeable fallin' off o' editors at Niagry Falls this year on account o' th' anti-pass laws.

Miss Germ Williams says they have nine kittens at her home—literally nine kittens.

Tilford Motts wuz held up in his own door-yard last night at 8 o'clock an' robbed of a dollar an' thirty cents.

Th' robbers fired at him nine times, but his family that wuz in th' front room readin' th' Thaw trial, didn't hear th' shots.

An architect is a fellow that talks you into going in debt three or four thousand dollars more.

"It doesn't cost anything to be courteous," is an old saying, but if somebody asks you what time it is on a dark, back street, guess at it.

Young Lafe Bud says he'd hate to be in charge o' th' wing counter when some women git t' heaven.

If you contemplate building a home, make it very clear to your architect that the furnace room must be equipped with all modern conveniences, making it as attractive and inviting as possible. You will spend much of your time there.—Kin Hubbard.

When Kipling Was Young and Unknown

An Editor Tells of Meeting the Author in 1889 and Rejecting Some of His Stories—Kipling's Characteristics as a Writer.

SOME interesting personal reminiscences of Rudyard Kipling are told by Joseph M. Rogers, a well-known American journalist. He says:

In the fall of 1889, as I remember, there came to my office—that of managing editor of *The Inquirer*, Philadelphia—short, well-built young man, who introduced himself as an Anglo-Indian traveling homeward via the "States." He said he was a newspaperman. At this I receded a trifle, for I expected an application for a position, and there were no vacancies. It appeared, however, that he was only after information, though my recollection is that he offered about ten short stories at a modest price. These were not accepted, much to my later regret. He spent the whole night in my office, and regaled me with many stories of India and Japan. He had just spent several months in the latter country, in which I was particularly interested, as I had some hopes of making a journey thither myself. Upon my explaining this he became enthusiastic, and, sitting down, drew a rough map of Japan, indicating the places I ought to see, but which were not named in most of the guide books.

Later on, I expressed a desire to know of places in India I should visit when I got the chance. Most agreeably he drew another map, and jotted down the names of some particularly notable places in the paper, and paid especial attention to Benares which I should by no means miss. He was exceedingly modest, and never in the least intrusive. He displayed the same interest in the mechanical as in the editorial departments of the paper, and paid especial attention to the process of zinc etching just then coming into vogue, and to him entirely unfamiliar. That night I folded up the manuscript he had left, and placed it in my desk at home, among a lot of other papers. If I caught the name of my visitor it made no impression on me. In consequence, when a few years later I was moving my household goods and looking through my desk to sort out papers, I found the maps and memoranda which until then I had completely forgotten, I was amazed to see at the bottom the now familiar signature, "Rudyard Kipling."

Most unfortunately the papers were all destroyed by a fire which burned up many of my precious autographs and manuscripts.

This is the story of my introduction to Kipling. I have never met him since. But some years later, when on the editorial staff of *McClure's Magazine*, I had a good deal of correspondence with him, especially concerning his novel, "Kim," which was published serially in the magazine, and for which, I believe, was paid the largest sum ever given an author for serial rights. I was pleased to see in it references to some of those places which he had described to me so glibly some years before.

There are those who suppose that Kipling writes easily, and changes nothing after it is once on paper. I know of no author who has a greater tendency to change and change again, until it suits him. My recollection is that "Kim" was re-written five times, three times after it was set in type. I think the most interesting manuscript I ever saw was that of the page of proofs of this book after it had been twice in type. It was filled with marginal corrections, some of minor and some of major importance. The author sought ever to get exactly the right word or phrase for his purpose, and the manuscript was a terror to compositors—all the more so because Kipling is extraordinarily particular about having every word and punctuation mark inserted just as he wrote it.

I believe that the people of America did not like "Kim" as well as was expected, and this was due to the fact that it told of things and had an atmosphere with which they were utterly unfamiliar. But the people of India, and all Britons who understood the situation, were enthralled with it because of its absolutely photographic accuracy. The skies of India, the heat, the passions, the people—all of that peculiar environment of the east—were described as never before or since. And at a cost to the author which it is difficult to estimate! When he lay sick in New York, in 1899, he spoke continually of his book, which was then well advanced in his mind, and which after so many changes was finally produced. It was about this time that I met William Archer, the well-known Scotch dramatic critic of London, in New York City. He said his first surprise on reaching America

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Nowhere in all Canada can be found a better range of Fine Cigars than at our store.

From Havana, Cuba; the leading brands from the best factories can always be had in perfect condition in our well stocked Humidor.

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"DIRECT IMPORTERS"
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WATSON'S SCOTCH

The Whisky
of quality

McGAW & RUSSELL
Agents
TORONTO
Telephone Main 2647



For Whom?

FOR whom those color-beams we cannot see—
The under-red—the over-violet?
For whom the tones that none hath listened yet,
No player yet enthralled in melody?

Those unheard waves of sweetness wander free,
They rise round strings that muted are, to them
Those beams of color, mute in flower or gem—
They cross our path, on unseen errantry!

The teasing Fancy vainly makes her plea,
The eager Sense no clue to these may trace.

Shut with the treasures of mysterious space,
They are not for such mortal men

For whom? Who, then, shall turn, at length, the key,
And wander into Beauty we forego? . . .

I dream, those tones shall sound, those colors glow,
For men of subtler sense—men yet to be!

—Edith M. Thomas, in The Smart Set.

FOR SALE—ENGLISH BULLDOG—Out of a "Shoe Town Pride" bitch Sire, "Paul Jones," A. "Sils Marner" from the famous show winner. The dog is solid black brindle, massive bone and skull, screw tail, good up, and elegant rose ears—weight 50 pounds, and is in the pink of condition, and a good stud dog, and is bound to do some winning. Price \$150.

B. V. HARRISON
Bracebridge, Ont.

PAT, a miner, after struggling for years in a far-off Western mining district, finally giving up in despair, was about to turn his face Eastward, when suddenly he struck it rich. Soon afterward he was seen strutting along, drest in fine clothes. One day an old friend stopped him, saying: "And how are you, Pat? I'd like to talk to you."

Pat stretched himself proudly. "If you want to talk with me, I'll see you in my office. I hav an office now, and me hours is from a.m. in the mornin' to p.m. in the afternoon."

Colonel Will Vischer, the famous editor and humorist, got drunk in Omaha recently, and while being taken to the incarceration barracks shot a policeman. No doubt he thought it a joke to shoot a cop while laboring under the thrill of booze.

The colonel some years ago took the gold cure at the coast. Some time afterwards he was invited by a friend to take a drink. He called for bourbon, and his friend, very much surprised, exclaimed: "Why, colonel, I thought you had taken the jaig cure?"

"So I did, and it has done me a great deal of good. Before that I was a great beer drinker, but now I never touch it," remarked the colonel, as he hoisted the glass of yellow booze to his upper tunnel and allowed it to gurgle down his long throat like a babbling brook singing in the wilderness.—Greenwood, B. C., Ledge.

Opportunity knocked loudly at the man's door. But the man was busy discoursing on panics, their habits and habitats. So Opportunity grinned and ambled along.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Caddy, how many strokes is that for this hole?" asked the golfer with the plaid cap. "I can't say, air." "Can't say?" "No, sir. I can only count up to twelve, air."—Pick Me Up.

The marvel is that only one of the jurors at the Thaw trial turned sick.—Orillia Packet.